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FEBRUARY 15, 1970

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VOGUE

AMERICAN BRITISH FRENCH ITALIAN AUSTRALIAN

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BERT STERN

COVER: Springtime! Navy-and-white time! Top to toe—navy wool jersey dress with white linen collar and cuffs; white knee socks, white shoes. Dress: Beene Bazaar; Duplex International fabric. About $120. Bloomingdale's; Joseph Horne; Halle's, Cleveland; Hudson's; Sakowitz; I. Magnin. Necklace: Bill Smith for Richelieu. Socks by Bewitching. Latinas shoes. . . . Time for makeup in the pink: a fluff of Pink Bare Blusher and Pink Swizzle Topless Lipstick. Both, Coty Originals. . . . Chany for Freelancers coiffure.

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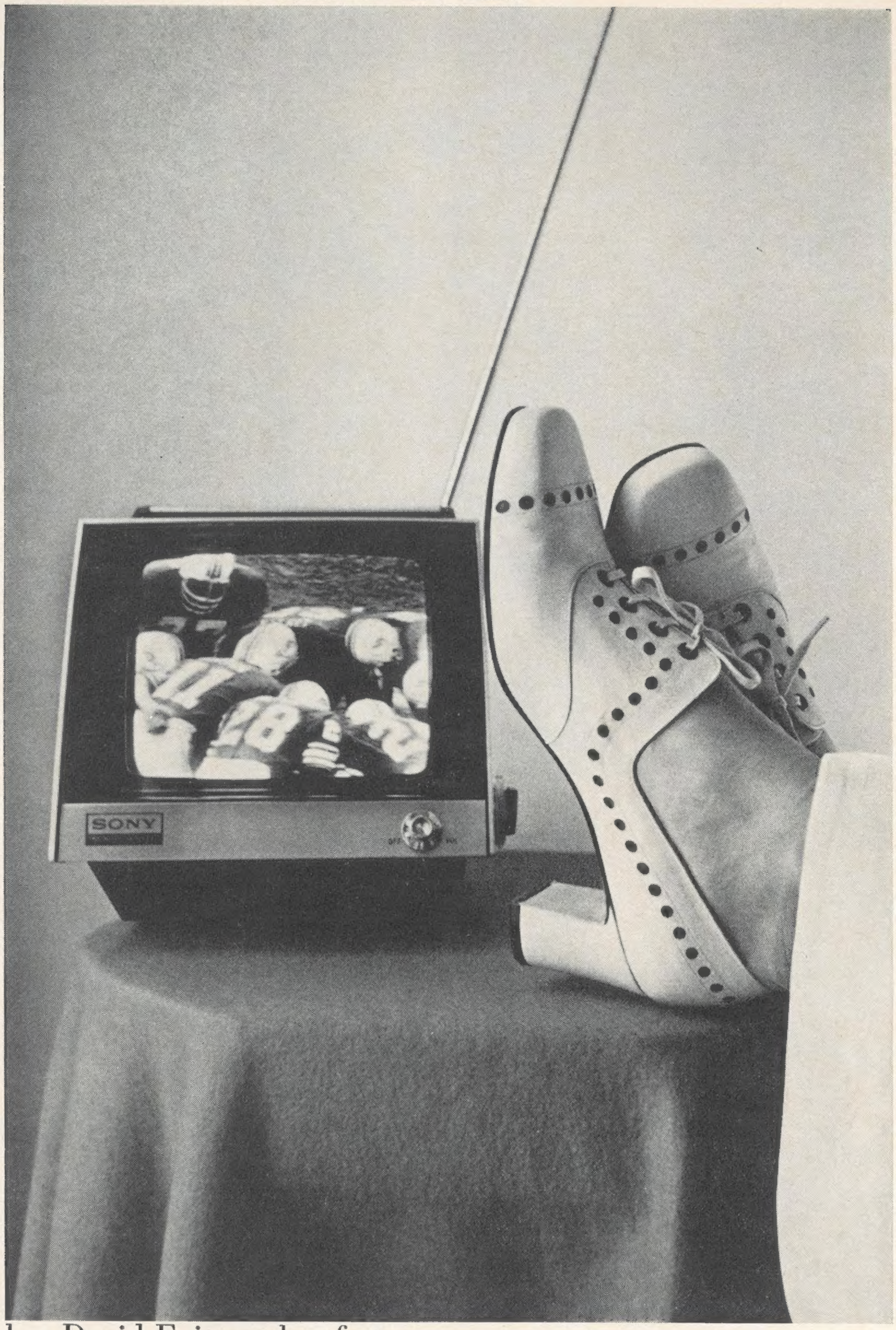
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A country with a historic past and a promising future. See present-day Israel this spring when the weather is ideal and the countryside is in its glory. The high spot of any itinerary is Jerusalem—a city of magnificent sites and fascinating cultures. Here, before the resplendent Dome of the Rock, Wilroy's great travel put-together of Dacron®† polyester. Blazer, $46. Skirt, $20. Printed shirt of 100% Du Pont nylon, $28. All, 6-16.

Israel prides itself on its fine examples of architecture—from its landmarks rooted in tradition to its modern universities, government buildings and museums. Highlighted in the garden of the ancient tower of David's Citadel—a Wilroy Traveller® in a contemporary print of 100% Du Pont nylon. 6-16. $46.

Part of Israel's mystique—Bedouins and camels outlined against stark desert landscapes dramatically contrasting with the attractive resorts and modern life near the country's four seas. With a view of the village of Bethany and the Dead Sea in the background, Wilroy's crisp white tunic and pants of Dacron®†polyester make a dashing fashion statement in the warm Israeli sun. 8-16. $56.

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Wilroy goes where it all began... Israel and Greece

This is Israel...

Take a drive along the lush Mediterranean coastline. En route stop at Caesarea to explore ruins, see artisans at work, shop and gaze at the sea. It's also a sports lovers dream, with sailing, waterskiing and horseback riding—and there's even an eighteen-hole golf course. Perfect for sightseeing, Wilroy's colorful print dress of 100% Du Pont nylon with its own Dacron® polyester wrap coat. 6-16. $100.

Spend an unforgettable day in Old Jaffa, a suburb of bustling Tel Aviv which overlooks one of the oldest harbours in the world. Explore the many arts-and-crafts galleries and antique shops, then watch a breathtaking sunset from an outdoor cafe, ending a perfect day in one of Israel's famed nightclubs. The Wilroy fashion look complements every activity from morning 'til night—bold kaleidoscopic print of 100% Du Pont nylon. 6-16. $36.

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Wilroy goes
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Greece and Israel

This is Greece...

A marvelous blend of mythology, classical antiquity, old world charm, and contemporary enjoyment of life. The warm sun, wine-dark waters of the Aegean and the flower-filled landscapes make it a year-round paradise. Welcoming the visitor to Greece—the famed Acropolis, towering majestically over the busy city of Athens. Poised before its stately columns, Wilroy's flowing travelljama of 100% Du Pont nylon in a bright geometric print. 6-16. $60.

Just minutes away from historic sites and fabulous shopping is the picturesque harbour of Piraeus. The houses are painted in a myriad of colours, outdoor cafe-restaurants abound, and fishing boats and pleasure yachts are a major attraction. Enjoying the easy life of Greece—a Wilroy Traveller® of 100% Du Pont nylon in the shirtdress shape of the 70's. 6-16. $46.

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This is Greece...

Although modern resorts abound on the mainland, no travel plans are complete without a visit to the islands—each with its own charm, its own heritage. One of the most alluring is the island of Rhodes, with its unique harbour flanked with windmills, its ancient walled city, and its beautiful countryside. At the Palace of the Grand Masters, the flagstones of the inner courtyard blend with the geometric pattern of Wilroy's 100% nylon dress. 6-16. $42.

Visit the quaint little village of Lindos with its cobblestone streets and whitewashed houses. Climb above it to get a breathtaking view from the Acropolis, then enjoy a swim in the blue Aegean in a Wilroy bikini of 100% Du Pont nylon in sun-splashed colours. 6-14. $20.

One of the most beautiful spots along the coast of Rhodes is the famous spa at Kallithea with its pastel colours and intricate stone mosaic floors. The romantic mood of the spa and the vibrance of Greek island life is interpreted by Wilroy in a stunning caftan cover-up of 100% Du Pont nylon (It matches the bikini). 6-14. $70.

For additional store listing, see page 18.



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Photographed by Richard Litwin in Israel and Greece.

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VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY



DAVID MASSEY

The heart of the matter

Whether the idea was how to make life easier for the lazy (delicious thought), or about inter-continental excess baggage rates (ghastly), or of a double formula that would be spectacularly beneficent for the woman with too-dry skin—the results are brilliant. Above: Princess Marcella Borghese's Crema Concentra is *two* very potent dry-skin essentials in *one* jar. A transparent core of super-rich oils (closely resembling skin oils) surrounded by a rosy ring of light, but hard-working lubricants. Either you sweep your fingers across core and ring and *blend* both richnesses on your skin or, you dip a finger in the centre and dot it where the cry is "Help!" (Eyes perhaps, or under the chin?) Then sleek on the ring as a super-emollient face and throat cream. Either or both together are enormously effective. *Ciao.*

Brand-new water ways

A fragrant foaming bath that floats you in a sense of indolence and luxury, and is busy "scrubbing" you at the same time? Absolutely. It's Frances Denney's new Source of Beauty Bathing Spa: a soft-scented amber gel with an emollient base and built-in cleansing agent which eliminates the need for soap, though you can use a mitt or a cloth—as if—for habit dies hard. You'll arise from the tub like Venus, silked, scented and (justifiably) self-satisfied.

(More Ready Beauty, page 22)

DANSKINS ARE NOT JUST FOR DANCING



The No. 1 maker of
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LYNN STUART IS A NINTH HOLE WINNER WITH DESIGNS FOR MR. PANTS,
STROKES PINK OR BLUE STRIPES ON NATURAL MAXI COAT IN COTTON, RAYON
AND ACRYLIC KNIT, 32.00. PARTNERED WITH NATURAL STRAIGHT-LEG PANT, 20.00.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY

Spot check

A friend of ours has just decided to stop whimpering about there being only twenty-four hours in a day, and spend her sleeping-time more creatively. This happy positivism was touched off by Revlon's introduction of three new Natural Wonders, one of which springs into action while one dreams. Natural Wonder Anti-Acne Night Treatment is a quite unique suspension, made without a trace of oil. It not only fights eruptions but also sends one to bed looking unusually toothsome, what with three skin-matched shades to choose from, *and* it can be worn all day under makeup. . . . Natural Wonder Soft Scrub would seem, also, to be without peer or precedent—a delicate cream that applies dry, and foams up into a medicated mousse as you wet your face, then rinses off to leave you cleaner and clearer each day. . . . Natural Wonder Supersoap is meant for the most willful skin. Its pore-scrubbing grains, fortified by allantoin, plan to disinfect, dry up, and slough away surface débris. However, should a subversive spot appear, run for cover—Revlon's Anti-Acne Spot Cover; it blends in under your foundation.

Nail and female

Unless your mother is still refusing to let you out without a quart of milk inside you every day, your nails are probably splintering off with deadly regularity. Except, of course, if Christian Dior has been looking after them with strength-giving Crème Abricot. This peachy-pink, apricot-scented cream is now a liquid asset, too. Crème Abricot Liquide brushes on your nails as swiftly and as easily as polish. . . . Apply daily, preferably on naked nail. (If you must have enamel, leave the moon exposed, the better to receive Crème Abricot Liquide's beneficence.) In about two weeks, the Dior people assure us, sturdier nails should be noticeably on hand. . . .

Getting the warm shoulder

As all the world knows, women notorious for their fidelity to their hairdressers can turn a little shifty when it comes to fragrances. Which is why, when word reaches us of an unslaking devotion on the part of many to a particular scent, we want to sniff out the reasons. The White Shoulders clan, queried, replied with as many answers as there are field flowers. One said it thrills a gentleman she adores. Another, it gladdens her more than a houseful of long-stemmed roses. . . . This lilting press of petals now has a spill-and-leakproof atomizer companion. A light-fingered touch and Evyan's White Shoulders jets on quite unadulterated—wraps an angel in her own brand of halo. (More Ready Beauty, page 28)



Find the oldest-looking spot on your face, and let 'Algene' show what it can do for you.

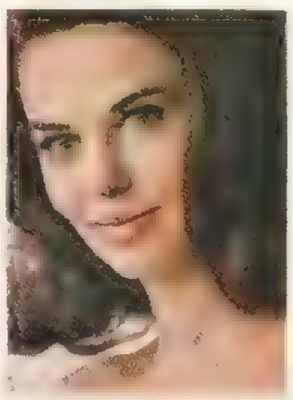


The more your skin needs it, the better Algene works. So use the oldest-looking area of your face to check your progress. On dry, flaking skin —always prone to lines and wrinkles—Algene's powers are dramatic. You'll see an improvement almost at once.

That's because Algene has what no other cream has—Irish Moss, the rich algae from the sea. This natural ingredient recaptures the youthful look of your complexion.

Algene even feels different. It's not so much like putting on cream. More like young silky skin is being created right there under your fingers.

And as you keep using it, Algene helps build up your skin's supply of moisture. Each day, a little more. You'll keep running to the mirror to check. You'll keep touching your skin almost in disbelief.



Use Algene regularly. And after a while, you may even forget you ever had an old-looking spot on your face.

Algene comes in Conditioning Cream or Emulsion. Also Cleansing Cream, Freshener, Hand and Body Lotion. From the Satura Collection.



Dorothy Gray
shows you how young you can look



This is
THE TREVIRA ERA

CLARET creates the versatile costume for Spring in a textured Oriental tapestry jacket over its smooth, easy, heathered dress. Another knit achievement made possible in The Trevira Era. $145, in Stehli knit of Trevira® polyester. Grey, white, honey, jacket over grey dress. 6-14. At Lord & Taylor, New York; L. L. Berger, Buffalo; Battelstein's, Houston; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles; Dayton's Oval Room, Minneapolis; Nordstrom Best, Seattle.

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You can lead a quiet life or you can wear Lady Manhattan

Stay home with a hamburger. Or take the plunge. Into the beautiful life. The choice is yours. After all, gourmet foods—and compliments—are easy to get used to. And easy to come by in a Lady Manhattan shirt. This shirt, 100% polyester crepe. Sizes 8 to 16. About $14. At stores listed below and other fine stores. Also available in Canada. The Lady Manhattan Company. 1407 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10018.

Lord & Taylor, New York; Jordan Marsh, Boston; Rich's, Atlanta; Jacobson's, Michigan; Burdine's, Miami; Levy's, Tucson; The Emporium, San Francisco; Stix, Baer & Fuller, St. Louis

Lady Manhattan®

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BEAUTY CHECKOUT

FEBRUARY 15

Snipping, star-style

Think of Jane Fonda and you're apt to think of a marvy-looking girl with long-blond-sexy-movie-star hair. Or maybe you'll think of a marvy-looking girl with a tiny-curled 'thirties coif, because that's how she looks in her latest movie, *They Shoot Horses, Don't They?* (she won the New York Film Critics' Award for that one). Either way, you're not thinking of today's Jane Fonda who's got a Whole New Look, her hair short and shaggy and terrific. Described by one zany-about-Jane as "short, straight, honey-brown hair that looks like a thick healthy pelt—of a collie, perhaps, or a pony in winter coat. It is brushed down to her eyes and, since she wears no makeup except around her eyes, you see only a small fragile face." Marvy-looking. The man behind this change in Jane is Paul McGregor, who runs a bright, peppy, and very non-establishment hair establishment called Paul McGregor's Hair House at 15 St. Mark's Place, East Village, New York, and in several other places as well. Paul says he's "turning the haircut upside down. I like the bottom layers long, the top short." That means about three inches on top, ten inches in back, layered on the way. Jane's comes to sideburn-points in front of her ears, is very natural and simple and easy to keep, which is what Paul feels life's all about. Jane agrees. Said that he's changed her life completely, that this haircut has given her a sense of release, of greater freedom. She has Paul cut her hair about every seven weeks, depending where she is . . . but she's been known to have him fly to Paris just to cut it. He shampoos her hair, cuts it, dries it with a hand-blower, then cuts it again. No rollers, nothing complicated—he lets the hair "do its own trick." Paul thinks Jane's great: "She's very invigorating; even at a deadly boring party, when she appears it's as though someone's opened a window." And Jane thinks Paul's plenty okay, too, is sending brother Peter to him. At Paul's place, everybody's welcome. The man-to-woman ratio's about fifty-fifty, an attitude Paul and his wife encourage by trading clothes and haircuts. . . . Simon, who recently became one of Paul's assistants, used to cut Liza Minnelli's hair. Simon says "We were trying to get her hair longer. It took a long time to get the correct shape after we had to cut it really short—to look shaved—for *Tell Me That You Love Me, Junie Moon*. Long in back, short on top, long on the sides with her ears showing. Her hair's thick, flipped up in back. It's shaggy, casual, groovy, and hip. I just shampooed it and let it fall into place with a blower to direct it. Setting is hang-up, especially with someone like Liza who is always on the run. And that kind of haircut suits her, she's so casual and natural." Which is very much the point of Paul McGregor's whole hair philosophy. Easy, hip, go.

Oriental-ball gazing

Baron Alexis de Redé's fabulous *bal oriental* brought out the dazzlers in droves, and our crystal ball has spilled a couple of their skills. One is Serge Lutens, the man who had a hand in some of the most fantastical makeup that evening in Paris. He's a marvellous painter of faces, does a particularly nice eye, like circling it with pale mauves and a sparkle of beads and stars. He did Jacqueline de Guitaut's whole forehead in amber beads, and glinted several pairs of pretty ears with elaborate appliquéd jewel-and-bead designs instead of earrings. . . . Next revealed: how several of the elder belles of the ball contrived to look so wonderfully serene, their faces so smooth and unlined. They just wound a pretty pink tape called "Scotch" Hair Set Tape tightly around the face—across the forehead and past the ears to the jaw—to pull the skin taut, smooth. Five to ten years younger was the happy verdict, and the tape bandage was hidden under a lavish turban or headdress, held fast all evening. After the ball was over, the tape was soaked off so it fell away and didn't pull or damage tender skin.

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VALLEY SET MAKES THE KNIT LIFE BEAUTIFUL: IN DACRON.



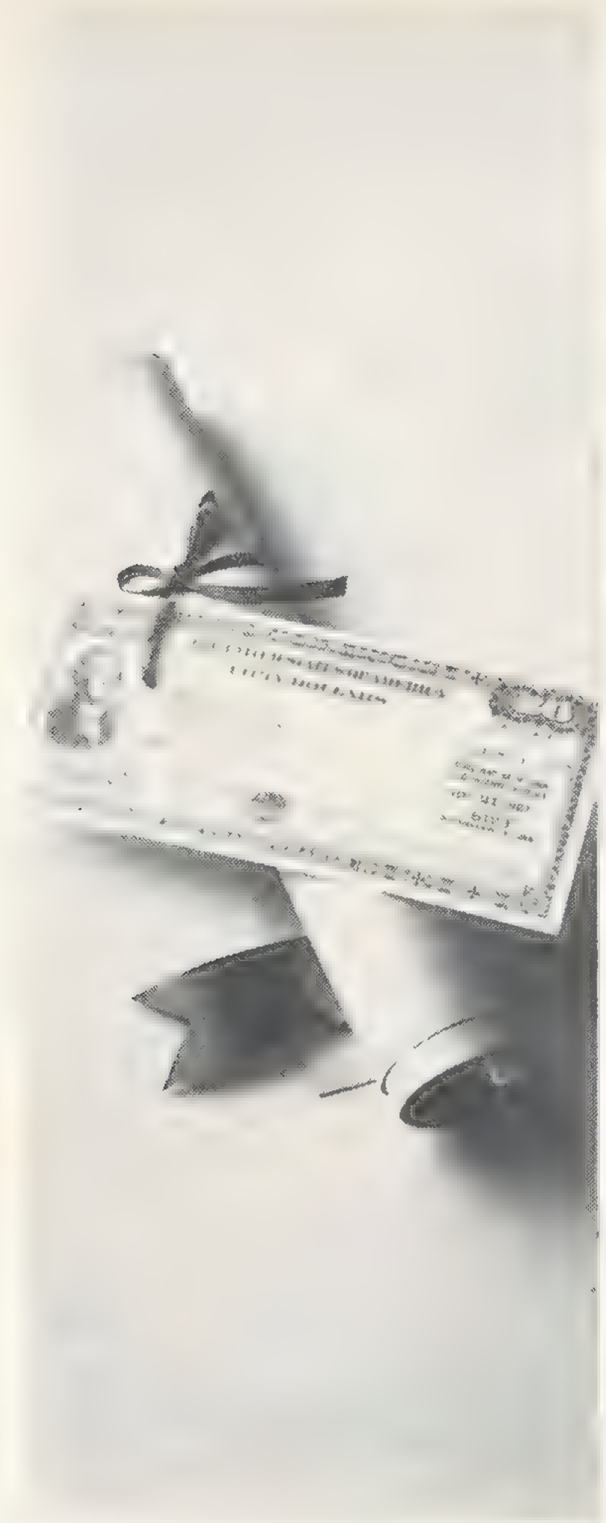
Deceptively simple, these are the little something doubleknits that are everything to Spring. Designer Anne Haly does them in Dacron* polyester. Further endowing them, thereby, with the acumen to sustain shape quite on their own. Both 8 to 18, navy with white or parrot green with white. The contemporary sleeveless dress and coat ensemble, about $100†. The nifty little V-neck, about $42†. At I. Magnin, West Coast; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Garfinckel's, Washington; Sakowitz, Houston. Please see adjacent column for store nearest you.

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Better things for better living
...through chemistry

*Du Pont registered trademark. Du Pont makes fibers, not fabrics or fashions.
†Slightly higher in the West.

VOGUE'S READY BEAUTY



The pad—and how to use it

Unless you are controlling your environment a lot better than we are, you're bound to be laughing and scowling and squinting into the sun and reading late at night—all those things that puff the eyes and print nasty little lines around them. Jaquet has just come up with a program for fighting back: you anoint the treacherous skin around your eyes (toujours tapping it on—never rubbing) with improbably rich, soaking-with-oils Crème Appateer, then moisten a delicately medicated Jaquet eye pad, and press it onto your lids while you soak or snooze. Jaquet urges Crème Appateer around the clock. The smitch under makeup, in point of fact, is exceedingly fetching.

Loofah super

You've met the loofah (or Luffa Aegyptica gourd) before? A nodding acquaintance from the other side of a store window perhaps? Look formidable, don't they? Like inhospitable moon mountains, in beige. But here now is a palm-sized loofah called Tawashi with two sides to its nature: a flattish facial side that soaks down to a velvety scrub, and a mountainy side that gives a body no more than a good healthy dry-scale-removing friction. Result: the loofah-smoothed skin for which Scandinavians and Japanese have been famous for years. Tawashi makes glass-smooth sense—as your fingertips will tell you instantly.

If you give a fig for your wig

Wash 'em and wear 'em. That's all there is to the care of the hair in the new synthetic wigs that are causing the Wigolution? Not necessarily. Reid-Meredith, big wigs in second heads made of Dynel 40, leave none of the "wash 'em" to chance. The hotter the water, the faster the wig's cap and the wave will shrink. So they've formulated a cold water shampoo that knows something about synthetic hair that real-hair shampoos seemingly don't—and coupled it in a package with a conditioner that insures a wig's continuing silkiness, to say nothing of its comportment, keeps it free of static. . . . Their special wig spray fends off static, too, as well as spraying on protective lubricants and conditioners. . . . And, to further establish your prowess as a wig wizard, there's a talented R-M styling brush, slim enough to carry around with you and full of wit with a wig.



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Answerette and Flair
are available at
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Come out and enjoy the Free World. Gossard's garterless new Answerette is a weightless smoother that shapes you right, yet doesn't let you feel a thing. Except ungartered, uninhibited, uncaged. The secret's in the easy-does-it new fabric, a polished Antron® nylon and Lycra® spandex powernet with out-of-sight holding power. Forget garters. Answerette's seamless cling bands are flatly fused to the inner legline. Gossard's Answerette average leg 415, body beige or white, about $12. Gossard's soft-lift Flair Bra 3380, about $5.50. Not shown, matching Answerette brief 413, about $11 and long leg 417, about $13. The H. W. Gossard Co., Chicago 60606.

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wayne gossard fashions
NICEST NEXT TO YOU

I'm wearing Enna Jetticks® and I'm not even a mother yet.

My grandmother,
who is a very groovy old lady, was the first one
to get hooked on Enna Jetticks.

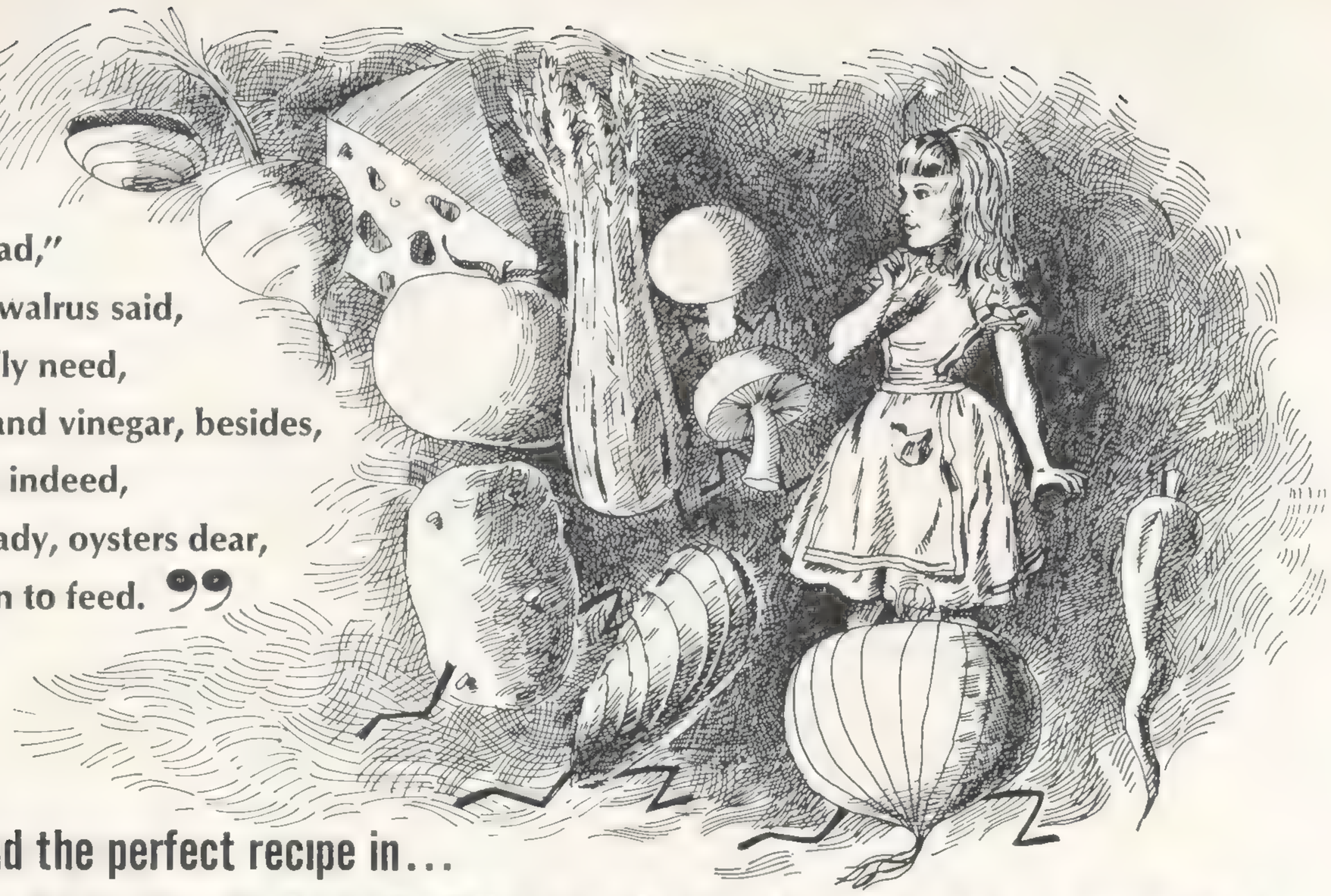
Then came my mother,
who is actually over 30, and won't go anyplace
without her Enna Jetticks.

And now me. Who would have thought
that Enna Jetticks would begin making
such out-of-sight shoes?

Well, anyway, I'm really glad I don't have
to wait until I'm a mother to wear Enna Jetticks,
my not being married and all that.

Shown, Carmen. From the Enna Jettick
collection at $13.99 to $18.99.


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"A loaf of bread,"
the walrus said,
"Is what we chiefly need,
Pepper and vinegar, besides,
Are very good indeed,
Now, if you're ready, oysters dear,
We can begin to feed."

You'll find the perfect recipe in...

HOUSE & GARDEN'S NEW COOK BOOK

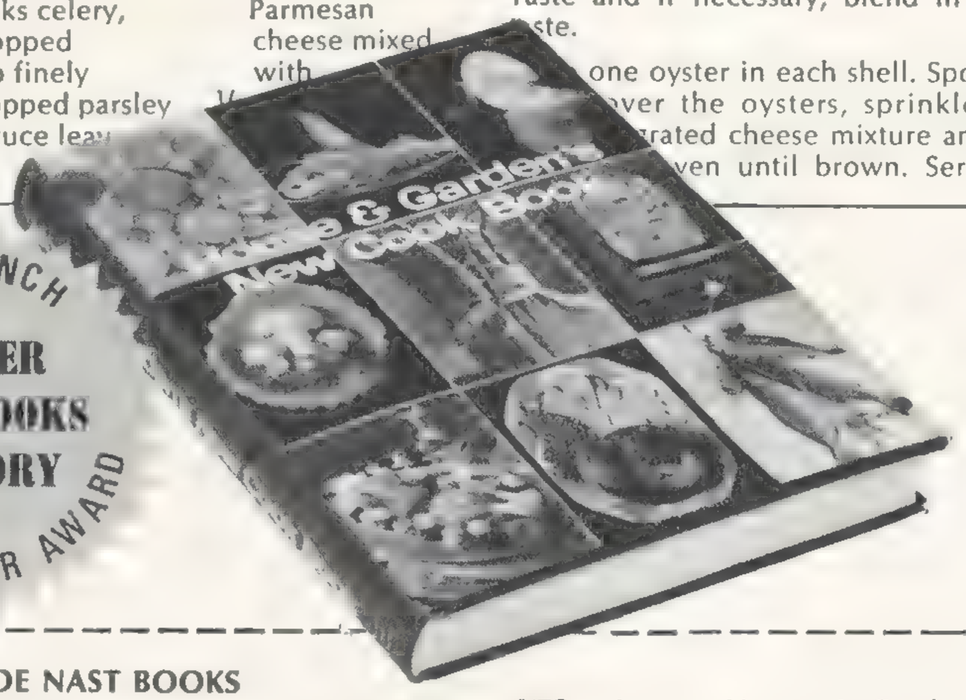
OYSTERS ROCKEFELLER A LA LOUISIANE

2 dozen oysters on the half shell
1 pound fresh spinach, cooked and drained well
1 tablespoon finely chopped shallots
½ clove garlic, finely chopped
6 scallions, trimmed and chopped
2 stalks celery, chopped
½ cup finely chopped parsley
10 lettuce lea
½ pound butter, melted
1 cup bread crumbs
1 tablespoon Worcestershire sauce
1 tablespoon anchovy paste
Tabasco to taste
3 tablespoons Pernod
¾ cup grated Parmesan cheese mixed with

Remove the oysters and any oyster liquor from the shells and put into a saucepan. Bring just to the boil, remove from the heat and reserve. Place the shells on a rack and bake in a 450° oven for 5 minutes.

Meanwhile, combine the cooked spinach, shallots, garlic, scallions, celery, parsley, lettuce and melted butter in the blender. Blend quickly, pushing the mixture down with a rubber spatula when necessary. Add the bread crumbs, Worcestershire sauce, anchovy paste, Tabasco and Pernod. Taste and if necessary, blend in salt to taste.

one oyster in each shell. Spoon the over the oysters, sprinkle them grated cheese mixture and bake ven until brown. Serve hot.



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YES...I want House & Garden's New Cook Book, at a saving of *$2.55*. I enclose my check or money order for *$9.95*, the complete price *including* postage and handling.

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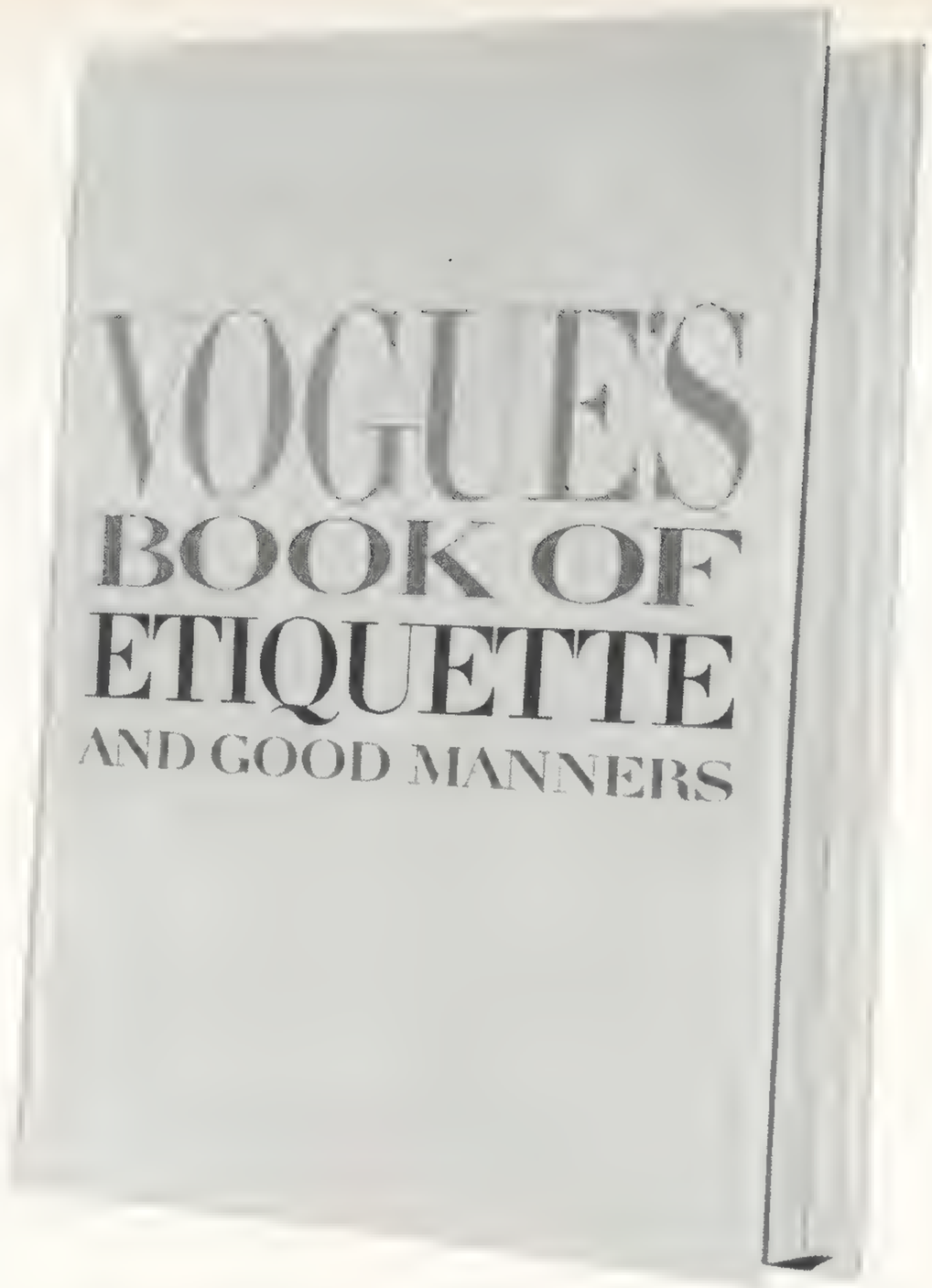


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VOGUE'S NOTEBOOK

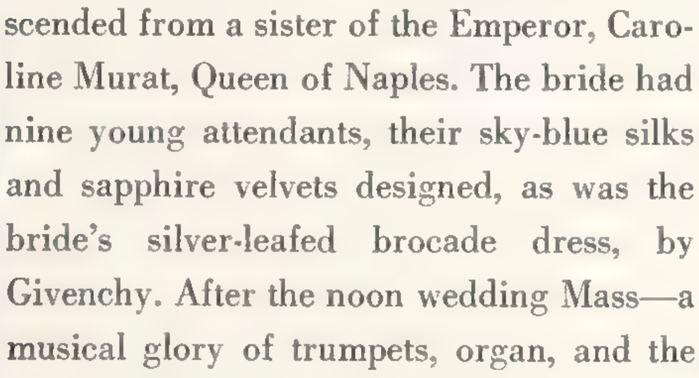
THE IMPERIAL FANFARE OF A NAPOLEONIC WEDDING, IN FRANCE



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Bonapartes trooped to the Paris wedding of S.A. le Prince Murat and Mlle. Laurence Mouton at Saint-Louis-des-Invalides, a chapel in that majestic complex holding the tomb of Napoleon I. The bridegroom is descended from a sister of the Emperor, Caroline Murat, Queen of Naples. The bride had nine young attendants, their sky-blue silks and sapphire velvets designed, as was the bride's silver-leafed brocade dress, by Givenchy. After the noon wedding Mass—a musical glory of trumpets, organ, and the famous choir of St. Eustache—the cortège moved to the gardened restaurant, Laurent, where for swirls of guests there were buffets and champagne downstairs. Upstairs, the family wedding luncheon buzzed with Imperials. 1. The religious ceremony. 2. L.A. Prince and Princesse Murat. 3. L.A.I. Prince and Princesse Napoléon. 4. M. and Mme. J.F. Bauer, Mlle. Roberta Milanese. 5. L. A. Prince and Princesse Napoléon Murat. 6. Bridal attendants, *left to right,* Pascal Meynial, Claire Barnaud, Amaury de Parcevaux, Emmanuel Jardin, Beatrice-Victoire de Durfort. 7. L.A.R. Duc and Duchesse d'Orléans, Comtesse de Montesquiou Fezensac. 8. Comtesse de Lorgeril, S.A. Princesse Malcy Murat. 9. Don, Guy, Kerry, and Manuela Guerriero and Sandra Alvarez de Toledo.



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VOGUE'S NOTE BOOK

PASADENA'S FIRST LOOK AT ITS NEW ART PLACE



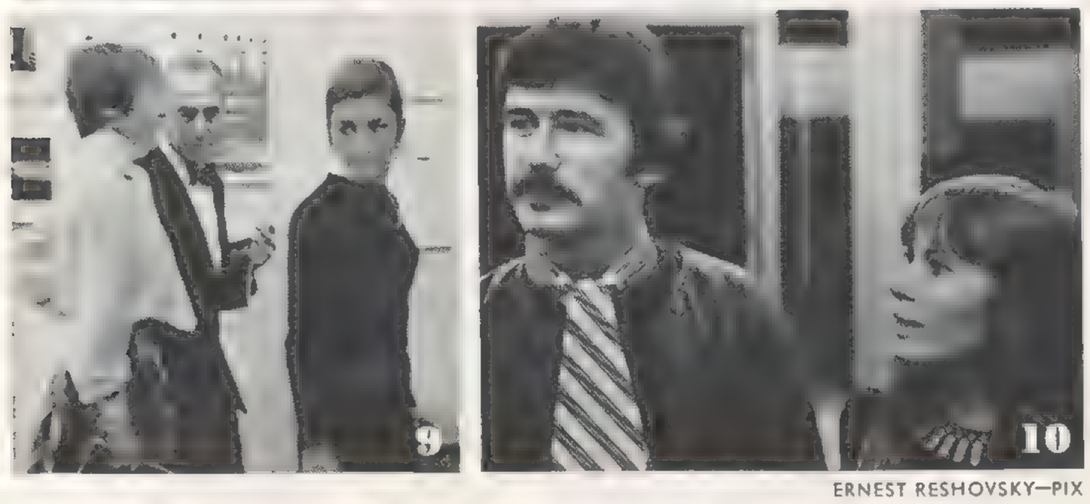
Curved and cornerless, the Pasadena Art Museum was opened with three signal evenings of parties. The result of a forty-seven-year California campaign, the H-shaped, bronze-tiled building has sweeping galleries, right for the large paintings shown in the first exhibition and for the avant-garde music played at the opening by the Los Angeles Philharmonic Brass and Percussion Ensemble.











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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

The Molly Maguires, "*chic, contemporary*"

The Molly Maguires is a movie about violence in America. Its subject is a secret society of Irish miners in the coal fields of Pennsylvania in the 1870's driven to terrorism by the harshness and brutality of the mine owners. The film, directed by Martin Ritt and written by Walter Bernstein, tells the story of James McParlan, the Pinkerton operative who penetrated the Mollies and reported on them to the law.

Opinion has vacillated as to whether the Mollies were hateful terrorists or early martyrs of the labour movement. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, who used them for a late Sherlock Holmes novel, *The Valley of Fear*, transforming James McParlan into a character named Jack McMurdo, embraced the terrorist theory. In the best book on the subject, *The Molly Maguires*, published in 1964 (this is *not* the paperback novelization of the film now available under the same title in the drugstores), Wayne G. Broehl, junior, suggested that their grievances were genuine. In any case, leading Mollies were eventually brought to trial, with the Pinkerton man as chief witness. Twenty were hanged, ten in a single day.

This wild and savage tale has been considerably trivialized in the film. Ritt and Bernstein, those two old Hibernians, see their Irish characters as stereotypes, given to much lusty drinking, cursing, and brawling. There are meaningless alterations of fact: The events are placed in 1876 when they actually occurred in 1873-75; three Mollies are hanged rather than twenty; John Kehoe, a Molly leader, is a miner rather than a saloonkeeper; and so on.

Facts are not sacred, except to the historian; and the novelist or filmmaker may use them as he wishes so long as the imaginative reconstruction is persuasive. What matters, as Georg Lukács has written, "is not the retelling of great historical events, but the poetic awakening of the people who figured in those events. What matters is that we should re-experience the social and human motives which led men to think, feel, and act just as they did in historical reality." This is what William Styron accomplished with such success in his book *The Confessions of Nat Turner*.

But the makers of the film *The Molly Maguires* have brought no particular insight or flair to their subject. They have, for example, no very vivid period sense. In 1876, their chosen year, America was in a depression, but there is no sign of this in the film. Nor do they illuminate the motives of the Mollies, their opponents, or the Pinkerton man. They put out chic, contemporary signals about violence and law-and-order, but this is not done with sufficient depth to make *The Molly Maguires* a parable, say, of the Black Panthers. Nor can they seem to decide whether McParlan was a hero, a scoundrel, or just a man doing a job.

For a passionate story, this comes out as a cold, dry, and rather perfunctory film. It does not appear to have engaged Martin Ritt as *Hud*, for example, so powerfully engaged him, and the actors—Richard Harris as the Pinkerton man, Sean Connery as John Kehoe, Samantha Eggar as a miner's daughter—perform their rôles without amplifying them. What could have been a searing exploration of our national propensity toward violence ends as a pointless anecdote.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Art

BY BARBARA ROSE

Clyfford Still, "*1500 rare Stills*"

That little has been written about one of the greatest American painters may be some indication of the difficulty and complexity of assessing the work of Clyfford Still. It is hard even to see Still's paintings since the best are in private collections or at the Albright-Knox Art Gallery in Buffalo, New York, or hidden in the artist's studio. In his private collection, which the world may or may not ever see, there are more than 1500 rare Stills.

Because of the inaccessibility of Still's work and because of the great interest and quality of the works themselves, his recent exhibition at the Marlborough-Gerson Gallery in New York was especially welcome. On show were forty-five paintings spanning a twenty-three-year period from 1943 to 1966. Among the works were such brilliant colour-field abstractions as the daring red-on-red 1955-D and such an elegiac "cosmic" vision as the pale-blue-and-yellow oil on raw canvas painted in 1964. These works have a staggering originality of imaginative content and a sustained level of achieved ambition rare in any epoch.

For many years absent from the New York art scene, Still appears to have benefited rather than suffered from lack of contact. His work done away from New York is the antithesis of the public decorative style of the 'sixties; it combines the seemingly irreconcilable opposites of the *personal* and the *monumental*. This monumentality is largely arrived at through the strict limitation of the palette (again in opposition to the extended palette of the 'sixties) and the lateral extension of the area covered by a single colour. Boldness of form contributes to the static imposing grandeur of Still's canvases, the integration of flatness with a highly articulated surface interacting with colour and scale contrasts to create an immensely sophisticated and complex spatial tension.

Among the few Abstract Expressionists to transcend the limitations of Hans Hofmann's essentially Cubist push-pull balancing out of spatial tensions, Still was one of the first American painters to bust wide open the closed system of Cubist space. Emphasizing a heavily impastoed surface, Still created flat panels with jagged flame-like edges that meshed together solidly to hug the plane. What was mysterious about his forms was not only their allusive content but their ability to affirm flatness without denying the ambiguity crucial to pictorial space. His use of drawing helped, of course, as did his exceptional mastery of scale, to imply a sense of vast distances. In some of his recent works these distances between "land" areas—isolated like feathery islands of colour in a pure sea of icy white—appear so immense as to suggest aerial views or even intergalactic space.

Still emerges clearly the master of shape, colour, space, composition, and scale—the totality of the positivists' vocabulary of form. But his art is more than mere grammar; it has significance as well as syntax, although the meaning may not be exactly translated or captured any more than one can translate poetry into prose. His is an art not only of surfaces, optical brilliance, and intelligence but an art of majestic presence and profound gravity. We need to see more of it.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *An article on Clyfford Still by Katharine Kuh appeared in the February 1, 1970, issue of Vogue.*



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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Movies

BY ANN BIRSTEIN

Hello, Dolly!, "*a gift for eccentricity*"

Onstage, *Hello, Dolly!* was exactly what somebody who was young and impressionable in the heyday of the musical comedy might have dreamed up. It was all there, already comfortably derivative: The absurd plot, about an avaricious merchant, his assistants, their sweethearts, a meddlesome matchmaker—parts which conveniently broke down into two juvenile leads, one singing, one dancing; two ingénues, ditto; two heavies, et cetera. A musical score complete with romantic ballads, comic monologues, a rousing curtain number. And a far-off setting, Yonkers, New York, at the turn of the century, which was not only an excuse for fancy costumes but also for the whole enterprise, since as we all know time makes quaint all excesses. All of which, however, while it may help explain the popularity of the play, still doesn't help with the problems of the movie.

To begin with the major problem first, there is Barbra Streisand as Dolly Levi, or Barbra Streisand as *not* Dolly Levi. Not that there's any point in comparing her to Ruth Gordon, who played the matchmaker in the Thornton Wilder play, or to suggest that such actresses as Ginger Rogers, who eventually played the title rôle in the Broadway musical version, exceed Barbra Streisand in charisma, or that the part is worth all that effort to begin with. Only Miss Streisand makes no effort at all. It's true that she's really not old enough for the part, and that it's one thing to be a young woman with a gift for eccentricity, and quite another to play a woman of a certain age who, as some of us know, is eccentric by definition, beginning when she wakes up in the morning. Beyond this, Barbra Streisand is simply unwilling to give up being The Star, to relinquish a single one of her celebrated trademarks, to stop crooning when a song needs to be belted out, or being photographed through a filter so that in their scenes together even Walter Matthau's shirtfront seems to be misted over with a lovely romantic haze, or lapsing into her famous Brooklyn accent; above all, she is unwilling to give up an entrance in the "Hello, Dolly!" number (costumes by Irene Sharaff) so elaborate it would have made Diamond Lil look like a piker.

Not to put all the blame on Barbra Streisand, there's also Gene Kelly, under whose direction the rest of the movie suffers from almost all the other ills movies are heir to, including those static scenes that are the result of almost any stage adaptation, and the effects of an absolute anthology of screen clichés, for example, elderly lady flower vendors beaming upon young lovers in the park. The choreography, ascribed to Michael Kidd, looks like early Agnes de Mille. It all comes to a head in the "Hello, Dolly!" number, where waiters, ecstatic customers, maîtres d', men on the street herald like The Second Coming the arrival of a lady whom, as I recall it, they were simply awfully glad to see. There is even a guest appearance by Louis Armstrong that, not to mention more serious matters, raises strange intimations of the 1964 Democratic National Convention.

Of the rest of the cast, only Walter Matthau as Horace Vandergelder gets the right farcical tone, dewlaps hanging miserably (although he really is pretty young, too), singing in a voice that suggests the onslaught of sinus trouble. Maybe it takes character to play character. As it is, what *Hello, Dolly!* suffers from is the cult of personality.

VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT

Underground

BY JOHN GRUEN

Jeff Weiss's plays, "*mad, unpredictable*"

When the story of Off-Off-Broadway is finally told, the name Jeff Weiss will undoubtedly be remembered with a mixture of awe, envy, wonderment, and respect. Who is Jeff Weiss? He's a twenty-eight-year-old playwright and actor, a two-time winner of Off-Broadway and Off-Off-Broadway's equivalent of an "Oscar"—the "Obie" award.

Frequently called mad, unpredictable, and impossible to work with, Weiss is nevertheless one of the most dynamic and versatile of the young theatrical figures to have emerged in the 'sixties. If few have seen his plays or watched him act in them, it is because Weiss has insisted on working in a milieu that would permit the greatest artistic and personal freedom.

Jeff Weiss has the lean and affable looks of the all-American boy. Mild-mannered and totally unaffected offstage, he projects an incredible presence and intensity in performance. His plays are sometimes overwrought and unwieldy, but they offer equally a sense of immediacy and of impact. He received his first hearing at the Caffe Cino and at Cafe La MaMa in New York. There, his plays, *A Funny Walk Home, And That's How the Rent Gets Paid*, and *International Wrestling Match*, made clear his loyalty to a theatre that is not obscurely convoluted, not in the stream of works that insist on the total orchestration of the body, and does not involve audience participation. In short, he adheres to conventional playwriting methods.

Weiss's themes are extremely personal and seem to spring from an unending source of personal anxiety and suffering. The plays question everything from politics, social movements, and life styles to sex, the nature of man, and the ambiguities of madness. His ideas spill upon the stage like so many fragmented bits of mirror, each reflecting the abrasive states of the human condition. With an ear for words, he unleashes verbal diatribes as though possessed.

When Weiss's last play, *International Wrestling Match*, opened last January at Cafe La MaMa, Jerry Leiber, a song writer, took an option on the work for Broadway production. Leiber saw it as a vehicle that could stand the addition of various kinds of music. Weiss agreed. During the intervening months, Leiber and his partner, Mike Stoller, a composer, began to shape a score and write several songs. Oddly enough, one of the songs —"Is That All There Is?"—has become an international hit. Half-spoken, half-sung, this bittersweet, ironic piece has been recorded by Peggy Lee, Tony Bennett, Caterina Valente, and, in Germany, Hildegarde Neff. In this play with music, Leiber will include other musical forms, from rock to serial to electronic tape. (The musical is scheduled for Broadway this year.)

The play deals with a man at excruciating odds with society. As Weiss put it: "The central character tries to find his own centre. It's also an attempt to reduce the many to the one."

Weiss will star in the production; and Ricardo Martinez, who has staged all of Weiss's plays, will be the director. The electronic tape scores will be composed by David Walker, a long-time friend and associate. Jeff Weiss is one of today's most accomplished and multifaceted playwrights and actors. When this fact becomes known to wider audiences, they and the theatre will be enriched.

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VOGUE'S SPOTLIGHT
Books

BY ANTHONY WEST

Fire from Heaven, "*Pooh Corner*"

Mary Renault's youthful Alexander the Great is a charming young woman, although the author doesn't intend him to be. In *Fire from Heaven* (Pantheon Books) Mary Renault's Alexander behaves very pluckily when she is first called upon to kill her man in battle. And she does very well when she has to chop off his head afterwards. A trophy is required to show her father. "Fetch me my gamebag, Gyras," she says, all stiff upper lip when the grisly task is finished, but her air of exemplary calm is deceptive, inwardly she is congratulating herself on having been able to keep her eyes open while she was doing the job. So far so good, but as luck, or Mary Renault, will have it, some comic rustics, given to speaking of Alexander as "the little lord," now press a second such trophy on the poor girl, and she is undone.

There follows a plausible account of the feelings that might afflict a nicely brought up, horsy, adolescent girl on being involuntarily bloodied and presented with parts of the dismembered fox when unexpectedly finding herself in at the kill while riding to hounds. It is a sweet try, but the state of mind is laughably unlike the one of joyous exaltation that lifts up the heart of every man who has the ambition to make it as a soldier when he finds that he does indeed have the necessary capacity for ruthlessness in him. Mary Renault's young hero is even more charming, and even more entirely and impeccably ladylike, when he is at last required to go to bed with a woman for the first time. So much so that it doesn't seem in the least inappropriate when one is assured that her partner on this happy occasion was often to boast in later life of having "had the maidenhood of Alexander." The girl's father, Philip of Macedon, is a wholly incredible figure from the moment that he hurls the literally unspeakable insult "you cat-a-mountain" at his wife on page eleven, until he touches a pinnacle of absurdity by pausing at the crisis of the hard-fought battle of Cheironeia, on page 278, to entertain the thought that Alexander had been looking awfully like his mother during the pre-battle briefing.

Mary Renault has been highly praised elsewhere for the vividness and certainty of her evocations of the Macedon of the fourth century B.C., but it is hard to feel with her admirers that there is anything either very ancient or very Greek about the thoughts and the desperately chappish speeches that she attributes to her girlish men and ghostly women. The difficulty is less that they seem to be un-Greek than that they show too many positive signs of having been brought up by the right sort of nannie in the good old days when Christopher Robin was going hoppity, hoppity, on his way to Pooh Corner.

One might forgive the feminization of Alexander, but the reduction of one of the great stories of human ambition to the level of a genteel middle-class daydream is another matter. There was, after all, nothing banal about this man who believed in himself so absolutely that he made himself an immortal. With his ram's horns among the thick tangle of his hair, half god, half man, conqueror of every adversary but himself, he belongs with the Sphinx and Blake's Tyger among the great imaginary marvels. Told without a sense of its magic and its grandeur his story makes no kind of sense at all.

VOGUE'S FASHIONS IN
Travel

BY DESPINA MESSINESI

Greece

Noble, nacré marble monuments give Athens an illusion of timelessness. Athens is a logical place to brake when on a long flight, say, from New York to Tel Aviv, and is, in addition, the jumping-off point for the Greek Islands. During Greek Orthodox Carnival, going on from now through March 8, there are remnants of a charming tradition: Organ-grinders sound in the streets and groups dance around a person disguised as a donkey. Monday, March 9, the first day of Lent, all Greece looks like a fête champêtre. Then, people picnic in the country at cafés and in gardens on such Lenten dishes as lobster, octopus, pilaff of mussels cooked in oil, halva, and unleavened bread. Perhaps the most moving church services during the Orthodox Greek Holy Week in April are those in small country churches freshly whitewashed and shined for Easter by old women dressed in rusty black.

In Athens, at the grey marble Hilton establishment, the unbeatable luxury, even from bed, is the straight-on view of the Acropolis. English-speaking staff, dial telephones, large marble bathrooms, a pool, post office, banks, shops, and restaurants—one with delicious Greek specialties and strolling singers—make this particular Hilton excellent headquarters.

Spring comes early to the two large southern islands of Rhodes and Crete. In Crete, some forty miles east of Herakleion, beyond the valley of windmills, there is at the port town of Aghios Nicolaos the pleasurable, away-from-it-all Minos Beach Hotel with its yoghurt-white bungalows. On Rhodes, many people live in mediaeval houses in the old walled city of knights. Outside crenelated walls and moats, the quite new Grand Hotel-Summer Palace reopens February 28 for the season.

Israel

Sun-bruised, muscular, and beautiful, Israel with its historied place names seems startlingly familiar. Pilgrims and visitors stream to Jerusalem to participate in the feast days of the different religions. Among those coming up now: Moslem New Year, on March 9. On March 23 (22, in Tel Aviv) the Jewish Feast of Purim, a happy holiday. On March 29, Easter Sunday, Roman Catholics hold High Mass in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Jewish Passover begins on the evening of April 21, ends on April 28. On April 26, Greek Orthodox, Copts, Syrian Orthodox, and Armenian Monophysites celebrate Easter.

To honour its fifth birthday in April, the great Israel Museum in Jerusalem will have an exciting exhibition, "Promised Gifts," which is what the works shown are: Gathered from all over the world, the art works will eventually be donated and returned permanently to the Museum. *Note:* The enormously comfortable Hotel Inter-Continental Jerusalem, remote on a hill, is only a five-minute walk away from the Old City.

Beige, brisk, and modern, Tel Aviv is the communications centre of Israel. Here, visitors people-watch from cafés and listen to the straight talk. "Professionally run", is how one recent guest described the Tel Aviv Hilton (advance reservations are imperative): quick service, pool, big room closets, and skillful handling of telephone messages in half a dozen languages.

WE MAKE PANTYHOSE FOR MEN.

(Legmen.)

They're worn by women, of course. But they're really made for men.

Men who are sensitive to the beat of youthful legs. Who are turned-off by tired legs. Legmen. They're a special breed.

So are our pantyhose. Roman Stripe pantyhose. From Alba-Waldensian. Sheer support and stretch pantyhose. In many mood-flattering fashion colors.

Wear Roman Stripe pantyhose. Legmen will notice. And they'll appreciate your thoughtfulness. ROMAN STRIPE



Available at these and other fine stores: Lord & Taylor, New York; Hutzler's, Baltimore; Carson, Pirie, Scott & Co., Chicago; Nordstrom-Best, Seattle. A product of Alba-Waldensian, Inc., 350 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10001



You're looking at it but you can't see it. At 100 to 175 dollars, you shouldn't. Reid-Meredith, makers of modacrylic fiber wigs.
If you know it's a wig, it's not a **Reid-Meredith.**

Reid-Meredith, Inc., 270 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017

HOROSCOPE

February 16 through February 28

ARIES. March 21—April 20. Your planet, Mars, continues to excite your efforts toward new horizons. You can be more original if you work on an extension of this month's new project from the 16th to the 18th. On the 19th, your thoughts become emotionally centred. Though you are not sentimental, you do enjoy a romantic ideal. If a friend opens the door to reveal an unusual possibility, it might lead you to a scene that brings personal achievement. Embrace it quickly, Aries, for you accept a new love at first sight; if you have to ponder its potential, then it's not for you. This period is important, because Mars remains your brave ally all month. You do well when the power of the Sun is in Air, as now, in Aquarius.

TAURUS. April 21—May 20. *As you so enjoy assuming the responsibility of family matters, the 16th and 17th would be a period to put all to rights or, if it is more urgent, to attend to an old problem that affects your public. Speak out, even sharply, if it concerns a money matter that is long overdue or has been handled extravagantly. There was someone who sought you out socially a week ago who re-appears on the 19th or 20th. You will understand the reasons on the 23rd. On the 24th, you will find ideas expansive. By the 25th and 26th, you will get a view of what is meant by the Aquarian age, for you will get a tiny glimpse of it. It is symbolized by a fresh idea brought to you by a valuable new friend.*

GEMINI. May 21—June 21. You are as free as the Air sign that represents you, for Mercury is now in Aquarius, your "friend" sign. Get busy—communicate with all who would not listen before, but not on the 16th. Slow up on extravagant promises on the 17th. The 19th and 20th give you the chance to tell your new ideas. Continue to engage the attention of the opposition. They know how right your ideas are now, with Uranus, the innovator, forcing into circulation the creative things you have stored up. You may overwhelm the public with something beautiful in art or fashion. Know when to give it up—about the 26th to the month's end; your apprehensive nature needs time to return to the centre of your being.

CANCER. June 22—July 22. Your sensitive nature wishes to return to serving the public on the 16th and 17th. Late in the evening of the 18th, you may be stopped from making a judgment about an old matter (it could be a political decision) that should be postponed to a more favourable time. The full moon pulls you from reality to emotionality. Which to be? Take a neutral position until the tide flows to suit your needs. Make an effort to accomplish two things at once. On the 24th, a surprising bit of information comes your way that you can put into action on the 25th, with a most harmonious return coming on the 26th. Then back to the sea of the private self for inner restoring.

LEO. July 23—August 22. *No matter how your generosity is expressed on the 16th, you will not receive the right response. Everyone seems perverse and obstinate to you on the 18th. You might as well wait until the Sun, your ruler, changes signs on the 19th, when sympathy will be shown you. On the 23rd, you re-organize with greater ease an old plan that failed a week ago. The 24th is a lovely day. Everyone is agreeable, for your judgment is right. Late evening of the 26th is the most socially satisfactory of the week. If you feel the need of a sympathetic love, make the date for this night. It will restore your faith in the ways of the cosmic law. No one is more downcast than you when your faith is gone.*

VIRGO. August 23—September 22. Your patience is well considered since Mercury has left restrictive Capricorn and is now in Aquarius, and you will be free after the 16th. When the answers don't suit you on the 17th, you might make the wrong remark. The 19th seems to bring everyone around to your side. You are heard and agreed with. Press this day for every advantage. On the 21st and 22nd, take a holiday. The 24th is really the last day of this month on which you may combine both financial success and business agreements. Give only half a day, the morning, on the 27th for business; as the day turns alien for business by lunch time—Virgo, an Earth sign, is uncomfortable when the Sun is in a Water sign like Pisces.

LIBRA. September 23—October 23. You are interested in many new ideas since Uranus entered your birth sign, Libra. Though your ruler, Venus, is now in Pisces, a Water sign, it continues to favour you. The mood may change. Your feelings are now more emotional, seeking satisfaction of a comforting sort from others. You are right to expect it on the 18th, a surprisingly effective day. So do not be afraid to press, for that will bring you happiness. Whatever you have not accomplished, wait for the 26th and 27th to conclude unfinished business, particularly dealing with the public. Whatever your talents have to offer will be received happily on these days. The 27th should be reserved for one you love.

SCORPIO. October 24—November 21. *You are still in the money with good Jupiter still expanding your horizons. Let the 16th and 17th play their own game. It is not for you to say. The 19th points up an advantage, particularly if it is a public idea that spotlights your program. If you find the offers are slowing down, pressure on the 24th by contacting everyone of importance, to gain further guidance on how to use good Jupiter's judgment before it retrogrades (slows down). For then you would have to develop the opportunities it had given you. New chances would need adjustments. Your ruler's being at home in its own sign, Aries, makes this an important month to advance your causes.*

SAGITTARIUS. November 22—December 21. Your own Jupiter will reach its peak in degree on the 17th where it will stay until the 22nd. While it is powerful and stationary, find every way possible to publicize the program you are promoting. These are six precious days. Seek every advantage. After the 22nd, do not sign any document of importance, for the promise would not be fulfilled. If you are in need of a holiday, start on your journey late afternoon of the 23rd to be there on the 24th. In that case, the week would end very happily with a new friend on the 26th. During this period, it might be wise to search within for ideas to be offered to partners when your Jupiter comes into prominence again.

CAPRICORN. December 22—January 19. You are somewhat free of the responsibility of directing and programming now. Take advantage of this temporary free period to adjust and resume a personal interest you had to put aside for a time. Your own ruler, Saturn, is on its way to oppose Jupiter and judgment. New ideas will challenge your tried and known ways. Prepare for this by analyzing a remark made on the 18th. Do not let a surprise move made on the 19th go unnoticed. It means a new situation will have to be considered. The past is trying to impose its will on progressive ideas of the future. These are preview times, preparing you for a new history. Those born in Capricorn feel these omens first.

AQUARIUS. January 20—February 18. *Uranus, the heralder of a new way of life, in Libra inclines you to accept everyone on a different social level. An example of this comes into view on the 19th. It will reveal the potential of a new freedom. Embrace it. You may feel an undercurrent of fear of the new ideas. In your desire to investigate the progressive ideas, you may feel a dual pull which will blight your advancement. Your own quality is to chance the new; the future is your world. To stay behind would stop your flow. From the 23rd in the afternoon, for the next three days, go with the new to introduce your progressive ideas which could provoke the responses you seek.*

PISCES. February 19—March 20. With charming Venus persuading you to accept the new mood brought by your ruler, Neptune, in a romantic Fire sign, you are more resolved to be decisive. Mercury, your opposite planet, suggests you make a judgment in favour of expanding your life with money ideas. The 17th starts it off. The 18th gives you the person through whom the new life will be induced. The true effects of Mercury's pattern on your program will be revealed on the 19th. The 24th completes the story by bringing onto the scene those who are important to this spiritual and persuasive period. If there was ever an opportune time you waited for to bring a dream into reality, this is it.

BY MARIA ELISE CRUMMERE

Love your hair



New! Wella Care Do.

At last you don't have to put your hair up every night.

Now from Wella: Care Do, the first hair set with memory. Actually makes your hair remember the set from shampoo to shampoo. Set your hair with Care Do and it stays set. All silky and shining and clean. Wella Care Do texturizes and adds body, too. So if the wind blows, let it. Your Care Do set bounces back every time.

The loveliest hair gets Wella care.
Ask your hairdresser.

WELLA



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MEN IN VOGUE

...NOTES, QUOTES, AND VOTES

Great White Ways in the sun


2

Herman Melville reminded us that among the Romans a white stone marked a cheerful day. White clothes mark sunny days now at resorts for modern men. Many men these days find white offers the cleanest, coolest contrast to a tan, day or evening at winter or summer resorts. One such is ***Mel Harris*** who wears white as he burns up the track creating an island empire. He is, at 28, president of the Bahama General, Ltd., development corporation. Latest venture: opening this winter of Xanadu, luxurious private club for tennis, golf, and sailing. At Xanadu on Grand Bahama Island, Mel Harris wears, **1,** a ***John Weitz*** crisp white cotton piqué shirt suit. Note: zip-front; longer top has deep slashes at sides for hands-in-pockets ease without rumpling. John Weitz Boutique collection, to order, Lord & Taylor. **2.** Relaxed island evening suit, white Irish linen and Terylene. Note: jacket closed with a single white silk frog for slim, straight lines. $200, Dunhill Tailors, 65 E. 57th. **3.** On Capri, ***Cerruti*** showed white terry—double-breasted, sash-tied, with wood buttons, matching floppy trousers for the beach. In Xanadu, **4,** Mel Harris in an American concept: white terry, brass-buttoned with slim trousers. From John Weitz Boutique Collection, to order now at Lord & Taylor.


3

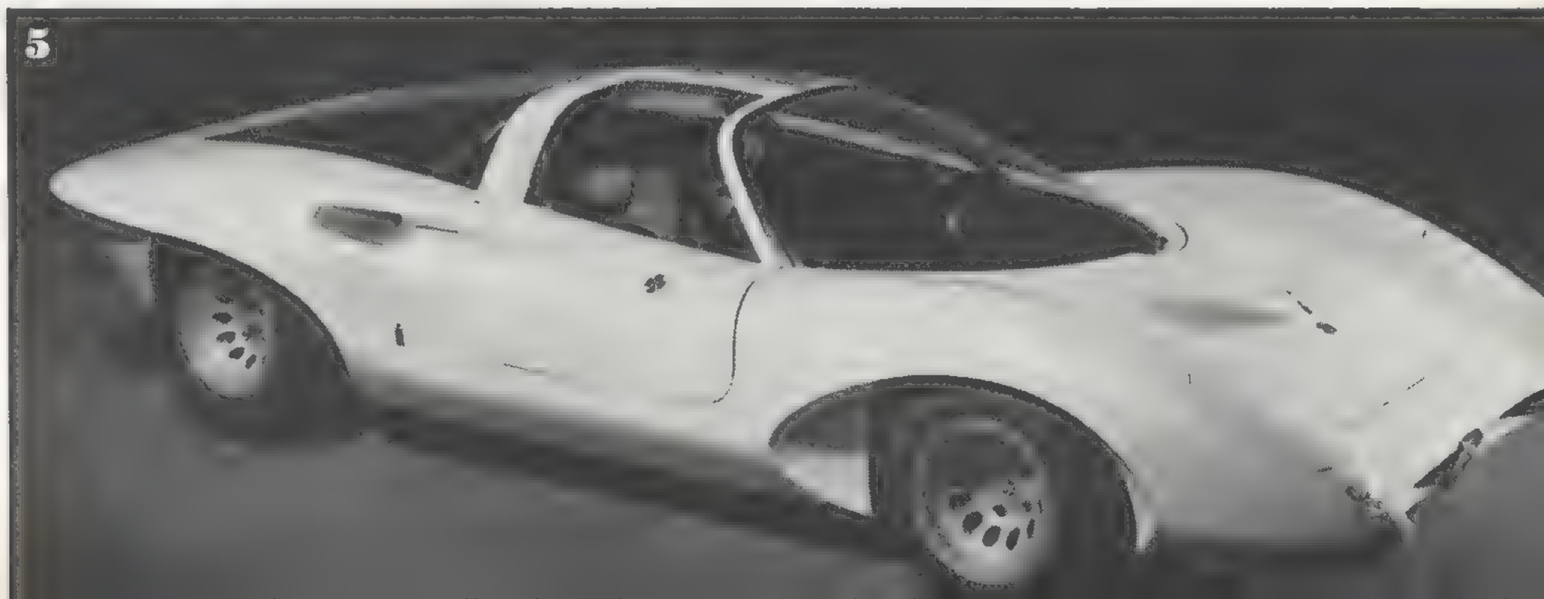

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GELBSMAN

A crystal bubble

made of glass and Perspex in a double-convex shape tops the streak of low white coach in the Alfa Romeo 33, first of a projected series of small sports cars to be built by Alfa Romeo with Pninfarina. The rear engine, the 8-cylinder V of the racing "33" reduced to 235 horsepower, is separated from the passenger room by two transparent glass plates to reduce heat and engine noise. For now, a prototype; tomorrow? . . .


5

COTTON: YOU CAN FEEL HOW GOOD IT LOOKS

RANDAZZO enlivens the spring fashion scene with a long jacketed, three piece suit. Its joyous plaid fabric, pure cotton to keep you as fresh and *comfortable* as you look, gets the crisp tailoring so essential to a suit's character. From the "Prima Couture" collection.

Pink/brown/eggshell plaid with eggshell blouse (shown), grey/gold/eggshell plaid with gold blouse; sizes 6 to 18. About $120.00 for complete outfit. At stores listed and other fine stores across the country.
COTTON PRODUCERS INSTITUTE, BOX 12253, MEMPHIS, TENN. 38112.



Bullock's, Los Angeles; Swanson's, Kansas City, Mo., Gus Mayer, New Orleans; Frost Bros., San Antonio; John Gerber, Memphis; Leon Froshin, Atlanta.

FEBRUARY 15, 1970

VOGUE's

eye view: Raising hair– 1970

Which part of girl here is She—and which part is Hairpiece?...That's splitting hairs. Who cares? You have the goods in 1970.... Whether you raise your own hair, or whether your own hair raises a question of how much can it do for you, the labs are going all out in your behalf. Conditioning home-grown hair. Producing Super Hair, often man-made stuff that defies climate, organizes Mrs. All Thumbs. Producing it so deftly that it costs less....Starting at the top, obbligatos are cheaper. Now's the time for hair-raising....Hair here brushed by Alan Lewis-Freelancers.



SUP

PATRICK LICHFIELD

ER HAIR

See the way the sparklers sparkle, starting at the top. That's **Ali MacGraw,** *left,* soaring now in the Hollywood firmament. "I love the look of long, shiny hair." Good. She grows her own, plays it straight, parts it at centre, lets its glittering length of dark brown frame her face; sometimes tucks it, like a scarf, into a collar, as here....That's **Marisa Berenson,** *below,* toast of the planet Earth. She pulls her hair back tautly over her elegant little skull, wraps it up in back into a smooth chignon.... That's **Pattie Boyd Harrison,** *right,* wife of George the Beatle, wearing a Vidal Sassoon wig that bounces friskily but casually up and away from the face, dangles long at nape—a major long-short compromise. The hair is synthetic, but the news is real and real great. More, next pages.

Orange-and-black tiger raincoat, left, by Victor Joris for Cuddlecoat. Hair, left and below, by Alan Lewis-Freelancers....Wig, right, by Phillip Mason of Vidal Sassoon.





It has star quality.

It twinkles.

It beams.

It surprises.


ELIZABETH CATALANO





With Super Hair, braids go big. They wrap up the picture. Tie on one, or tie on several. Match them to your own hair, or startle up their colour. That's **Tina Aumont** there, *far left*, plaited fore and aft, braids in back looped through a chignon, caught by yet another braid. Braiders: Alba e Francesca, Roman hairdressers whose handiwork with braids has long been famous. Tina's the melty-eyed actress-daughter of Jean-Pierre Aumont and Maria Montez, and she's recently scored in the movie *Metello*. . . .

Tie up your chin with long hair, fasten it fascinatingly. **Lotti Golden's** doing that, *left*, leaving one ear to emerge provocatively from long black hank of hair. She's the groovy singer who writes her own words and music, including *Motorcycle*, an Atlantic album which tells the story of her friends and their life on the lower East Side. She writes her own hair music, too, usually wears it straight—and often tied, as it was here by Franklyn Welsh. But when she "wants to freak it out with hair," she stands near a very hot shower until it frizzes up, poufs out. . . .

With Super Hair, doing your own thing is the biggest. **Marsha Hunt's** doing just that *above*. She works her own hair up into a tall-standing halo of pure black froth, a perfect—and perfectly adorable—Afro that makes her feel free, and absolutely She. Now that's hair with indisputable star quality. Marsha has been wearing it nightly on the London stage, where she's starred in—what else?—the London version of *Hair*. (Continued on next page)

Hair on Hair





Super Hair goes all lengths

The great hair designers are going all lengths with Super Hair. **Kenneth** has one fabulous new wig going two lengths, *opposite page:* one chin-long and one (not shown) much shorter and layered. A flippy pageboy with wide, deep bangs, it's the Chanel wig, a provocative simulation of Coco's wash-and-wear hair style. This is super wash-and-wear, since it's modacrylic, never needs cleaning, just gets dunked in a basin and washed like stockings. ("They all say you can put it in a washing machine, but I have my doubts about that," said Kenneth.) By end of March, Chanel wigs should be in good supply at Kenneth's salon; Bloomingdale's; under $50. Necklaces: by Marvella, Accessocraft.

Now: To what lengths goes **Ara Gallant,** you may ask, with larky hair-doings the likes of the crazy swoop of crinkle, *above*? To well-studied lengths, "a variation with a difference for the girl who doesn't want to cut, but is looking for a change." He first wets the hair, then makes skinny little braids all over. When it's dry, he undoes them, lets it ripple loose around the face.

To the *right* here, that's Mouche, Ungaro's glorious mannequin in a spectacular human hair wig by **Carita.** It's as short as a good speech, and as full of punctuation as careful grammar. Parenthetical marks counterpointing each other all over forehead, small commas above the ears, a top knot with two very bravado cowlick commas. (More on next page)





What does it take to raise a great pearl? Years. Careful years. Great, strong oysters. Especially for prized **cultured pearls,** some two thousand of which shed their lovely light looped in strands, bandoleer-style, over the shoulders, *opposite*. . . . These are Japanese cultured pearls, raised in **super oysters,** a yu*mm*y 6 to 9 mm, a naturally rosé-tinged white, the better to compliment the skin. (By the 30″ strand at Cartier; Bailey Banks & Biddle; Balogh.)

"It's colour and lustre, the glow from within, that characterize a good cultured pearl," a good cultured-pearl man told us. Same thing for good cultured hair. **Marisa Berenson,** the cultured-pearl wearer here, keeps her hair glowing by: "Treatments—all the time. In Paris, I go to Carita. Josiane does marvellous things with it there—with herbs, and seaweed, and so forth. . . . In New York I go to Don Lee for conditioning. . . . My hair is curly and long. If I wash it myself, it just goes whoop, kink, kink.". . . . Here, Ara Gallant has whooped its ends into a cage of braid.

Recently, and thrillingly, Super Hair's glow from within has been cultured to the point in **super fake hair** that it rivals **super real hair.** That's a real-hair wig, *above*. Cropped unevenly around face, guiched at ear, loping down the back: the work of hair designer Carita. . . . That delectable blond hair, *near right,* has the bends, the good bends. At several levels—forehead, chin, throat—it shapes the face like a mediaeval wimple. Padding around like a pussycat who knows her alleys, it curves, it retreats, it purrs—and, in a breeze, wraps and unwraps enchantingly. François of Kenneth the doer. . . . Either coif could be, is being duplicated by fake hair. America's highly-educated Dynel and Japan's well-cultured Kanekalon, are the erudite fibres. Read about the hair-raising Wigolution in progress, page 136.

Super Hair is cultured like a pearl



Bal Oriental in the middle of the Seine

In a torchlit seventeenth-century palace of creamy limestone on an island in the Seine, the Baron Alexis de Redé recently gave a magnificent Oriental ball that could never have been surpassed at the court of Haroun-al-Raschid. An enchanting reprise of the great Oriental costume balls held in Paris in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, it was given in the Baron de Redé's beautiful apartments in the Hôtel Lambert, on Île St. Louis —a delectable small palace designed and embellished in 1640 by the architect and decorator of Versailles, lovingly restored by the Baron to its original cream-and-gold perfection. Guests, invited weeks ahead, were asked to come in Oriental costume of any period in the last four centuries, and they—like their host—had prepared for the occasion with an ardour, a passion for history, a delight in the most minute, delicious detail, that only the French can or will expend on a fête. (One detail: the baby lion carried by one splendidly costumed, jewelled, and turbanned Maharajah.) . . . Arriving at the Hôtel Lambert, its windows all ablaze with light, guests were escorted through the courtyard by servants in magenta silk holding huge pink-and-gold parasols, and greeted by volleys from Indian drummers in palanquins on top of two life-size white elephants, richly jewelled and caparisoned. Ascending the broad staircase, their way was lighted by flaming torches held by sixteen giant "Nubian (Continued on page 140)

Baron Alexis de Redé
A Kirghiz huntsman from the steppes

NISBERG

Madame Michel David-Weil

A golden Turkish odalisque



El Duque and La Duquesa de Cadaval

Chinoiserie in the mood of Turandot

The De Redé ball

Like a Veronese ceiling but alive, costumed figurants applaud guests arriving at the magnificent seventeenth-century Hôtel Lambert for Baron Alexis de Redé's Oriental ball

PATRICK LICHFIELD





Mme. Brigitte Bardot

A glimmering houri image

JACK NISBERG

Mr. Valerian Rybar

The bravo of a Mogul hunter, falcon on wrist

Baronne Guy de Rothschild

The flare of a Cambodian dancer

The De Redé ball

PATRICK LICHFIELD

Vicomte and Vicomtesse de Ribes

A Napoleon III vision of Turquerie

Mrs. Patrick Guinness and Baronne Thierry van Zuylen

A Desdemona of the East, a song of India

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The De Redé ball



10

At the Bal Oriental—part of the marvellous rainbow dazzle of costumes, headdresses, jewels. . . . **1.** Comtesse Angelika Lazănský's costume, by Dior after Paul Poiret—a long cage of pearls over a tunic, trousers of yellow-gold silk. Gauzy white turban. **2.** Condesa de Romanones, a Cambodian princess in gold lamé, jewels; gold headdress, gold shoes—and gold fingernails. The Condesa's makeup by Carita. **3.** Donna Verde Visconti di Modrone, the "Tree of Good and Evil" in clouds of black chiffon edged in silver, gold. Alexandre headdress of gold leaves. **4.** T. R. H. Princess Margrethe and Prince Henrik of Denmark—the Princess in pink-and-black 18th-century Turkish costume, pearly headdress; the Prince in black brocade, threaded with real gold. **5.** H. H. Prince Karim, the Aga Khan, in national costume; H. H. Princess Salima, the Begum Aga Khan, in a richly-patterned, flowered sari. **6.** Baron Arnaud de Rosnay, a Maharajah pro tem in gold-embroidered black velvet, with an emerald-and-diamond buckle lent by the real Maharajah of Jodhpur . . . and Mlle. Diane de Monbrison, vivid in Indian tunic, tight trousers of shocking-pink silk. **7.** An Indian sitar-player serenades arriving guests. **8.** M. Claude Benedict . . . barbarian splendour of furs. **9.** Contessa Consuelo Crespi as a belly-dancer, agleam in orange-and-gold lamé and velvet by Galitzine. **10.** In the Hôtel Lambert, the magnificent Galerie d'Hercule, where the Baron de Redé received his guests. Nodding automatons, gilded and jewelled, stood in niches; musicians played under the parasol. **11.** Lady Jane Willoughby, in caftan and turban—like one of the dashing young Englishwomen who travelled in Arab lands in the 18th and 19th centuries . . . perhaps Lady Hester Stanhope, who lived for years among the Druses. . . . The Tartar horseman with her is Baron Eric de Rothschild.

9 PATRICK LICHFIELD NISBERG 11

THE COST OF CONDUCTING AN AFFAIR for 2 Noël Coward characters

BY SUZY

Heaven knows—and so do I—there is no point in starting one of these things at all unless it's done with panache. Anyone can thresh around on a broken-down divan with someone. (There's always a rip for a tear, they say.) But to bring it off with brio, to set the scene properly—if that's the word—requires intensive care and the following absolute, pared-to-the-bone necessities:

1 dozen nighties (short and see-through), $100 each _____ $1,200

(I may never actually wear one, but they do look pretty tossed on the floor.)

4 devastating négligés, $195 each _____ $780

6 pairs of pretty slippers at $25 a pair _____ $150

2 ounces of Fleurs de Rocaille at $27.50 an ounce _____ $55

1 dozen lace and satin baby pillows (placed where they do the most good), $20 each _____ $240

(I mustn't forget a heart-shaped one. Sentiment is important.)

6 sets of Porthault linen sheets at $290 a set _____ $1,740

(Blue—to match his eyes.)

12 Porthault linen pillowcases at $32 a case _____ $384

(To match the sheets—and his eyes.)

Flowers for the bedroom every other day, $25. For a month _____ $375

His picture in a gold frame _____ $500

His Braun rechargeable travelling razor _____ $85

(My skin is so sensitive.)

His own sun lamp _____ $75

(Because he'll be spending a lot of time indoors.)

2 cases of Dom Pérignon 1962 at $15.29 a bottle _____ $366.96

6 bottles of Rémy Martin (Louis XIII), $66.30 each _____ $397.80

(For those little nips after naps.)

8 pounds of caviar at $50 a pound _____ $400

(Man does not live by bed alone.)

A direct line between his apartment and mine (including installation) _____ $19

His complete horoscope cast by an expert _____ $400

Mine _____ $400

(How can we be right if our moons are screwed up?)

6 packages of an instant breakfast (coffee and strawberry) _____ $5.94

A case of Gatorade for instant energy _____ $5.88

(Oo-oo-oo, what a little glucose can do-oo-oo!)

A big crystal jar of penny candy—Jar _____ $67.50

Candy _____ $5

(To make him feel like a kid again.)

3 perfumed candles _____ $76.50

(Pour l'ambiance, n'est-ce pas?)

2 rare, illustrated volumes (bound in antique aardvark hide) of Oriental erotica _____ $300

(To make him laugh and scream.)

A paperback copy of the Kama Sutra _____ $1.50

(In case he's a teeny bit square.)

The top twenty records on the Billboard chart _____ $15.80

A button under the bed to turn on the hi-fi without moving any important muscles _____ $45

1 dozen flattering light bulbs _____ $20.60

("Bastard beige" is a heaven colour.)

A pink baby spot concealed in the bed canopy _____ $30

21 days shaping up with Miss Craig _____ $252

The hairdresser every day _____ $350

1 month's supply of The Pill _____ $2.75

(If love doesn't last that long—well, they keep.)

Now, let's see—that comes to $8,746.23. My God! Eight thousand, seven hundred forty-six dollars and twenty-three cents! In one month! Never! I'll be wiped out. If we're going to do it, we'll do it at his place or forget it! After all, I don't want to marry him.

happy-lucky

-looks



Your skirt can be short, long, or in-between—there are no no-no's, no complications at all to fashion this spring. Just lots and lots of wearable, pretty looks that everyone can enjoy.
Happy is the girl in plaid, left, because it's kicky with pleats, and such a clean, becoming tartan of taupe, apricot, and écru. Jacket and dress, by Christian Dior-New York; Trevira and wool (French River Mills fabric), Saks Fifth Avenue; Gidding-Jenny; Harzfeld's; Neiman-Marcus. Kislav gloves. Geoffrey Howard belt.
Now comes the midi suit, right, fresh and swinging and so well-proportioned in navy—chopped jacket and a bias-cut circular skirt to cheer legs on to greater and greater length. By Stavropoulos, of Agnona shadow-plaid wool over a white silk shirt cut high on the throat. Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; Harold's. Tassels by Tinsel Trading, Richelieu. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Adler knee socks. Shoes by Viner Bros. Coiffures: Alan Lewis-Freelancers.

BERT STERN

happy-go-

Through-and-through plaid, left: navy and white inside and out—the unlined coat, taped around in navy and latched with a chain. By Henry Friedricks, of Brendan Mills wool; about $165. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's. Shirt: Gregory.
Layers of pale plaid, right: small dress, small coat in a fine-line tartan of blue and white; the coat, double-faced in blue. By Jean Louis, of Agnona wool. Bergdorf Goodman; Nan Duskin; I. Magnin. Echo scarf. Ruza Creations wrist belt. David Evins shoes, at I. Miller.
This page: Hansen gloves; Adler knee socks; woolmark dress and coats.

The burray-grey coat, left, neat as a shirt and fast on its feet — simple bliss over all sorts of springy things. A woolmark coat by Stanley Nelson; Agnona fabric. Sara Fredericks; Gus Mayer; Bullock's-Wilshire. Ruza Creations wrist belt. Sunshine girl, above, all in yellow—tenty little yellow fleece coat double-faced with white; dress of yellow wool jersey. By Seymour Fox; coat of Anglo Fabrics wool. Saks Fifth Avenue; Lou Lattimore. Gloves: Grandoe. Geoffrey Howard wrist band. Gucci bag. David Evins shoes, I. Miller. This page: Berkshire knee socks. Coifs by Alan Lewis-Freelancers.



Your basic black linen, left, simply yoked and ready for business, with fringed white leather wrapped at the waist, strapped at the wrists. Dress by Couture International, of Moygashel linen; about $90. Saks Fifth Avenue; Halle's, Cleveland; Swanson's. Sash and wrist straps: Elegant Here and on the opposite page, coiffures by Chany for Freelancers. The coatdress swings in, right—the fashion that's anything you want it to be, at its be-all best in navy worsted, stocked with white, and chained. By Renbrook: Anglo Fabrics worsted, loomed in America. About $185. Bergdorf Goodman; Marshall Field; I. Magnin. Gregory shirt. Tassels: Richelieu, Tinsel Trading. Bonnie Doon knee socks. Coiffure: Alan Lewis-Freelancers.

-go- dresses



Walk right in, left, the navy's fine—buttons all the way and a stack of white belts in its favour. Ernst Strauss fibranne dress; about $145. Best & Co.; Famous-Barr; Nordstrom Best. Wrist straps and belts, all by Elegant. Spring eternal, right—the jacketed dress in navy with a good swing of skirt. Jack Sarnoff designed by Molly, of Anglo Fabrics wool. At Bergdorf Goodman; Montaldo's; Bullock's-Wilshire. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb.

BERT STERN

happy-go- knits,

happy-go-pants

Black, black, black is the colour,
far left, of the dashiest knit turnout:
long tunic, with a teardrop cut-out
laced at the neck and a wide grommetted
belt to hold it over easy pants—
or over red tights and red boots.
By S. Howard Hirsh; Acrilan (Electro-
knit fabric). With its own belt,
about $65. At Gimbels; Sakowitz.
Belt by Elegant. Latinas shoes.
Coiffure: Alan Lewis-Freelancers.
Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpieces.
Long jump, tiny skirt, left—terrific
way to wear pants: a soft navy jersey
jumpsuit cinched in shiny chrome, with its
own flippy mini-jupe zipped on over
it. A woolmark turnout by B. H. Wragge-
Stitches, of Jasco worsted jersey. About
$145. Bonwit Teller; Rich's; I. Magnin.
Sheffield watch. Capri rings. Capezio
shoes. Coif: Chany for Freelancers.
What's black and white and sharp all over?
This great looking turnout, right—
white knit pants, straight and cuffed,
narrow black knit shirt buttoned in
white. By Gino Paoli, of knitted wool.
About $90. Best & Co.; Montaldo's;
I. Magnin. Choker by Thomas Robbins.
Grommetted wrist belt: Ruza Creations.
Shoes by Christel of Copenhagen.
Coiffure by Alan Lewis-Freelancers.



BERT STERN

happy-

go-dresses

The baby-sweaterdress, left, skimping along in flaky beige knit, with buttons to the waist and a nice little spring to the skirt. By Juliano Knits, of acrylic and linen; about $43. At Bonwit Teller; Rike's; Burdine's; Dayton's; Sakowitz. Knotted leather thong on the neck, by Thomas Robbins. Bright-green tights: Mary Quant for Bonnie Doon. Coiffure: Chany for Freelancers.

The plunge of the grey flannel Empire, right—just a pleat to keep it going and a tiny belt buttoned high across the back. A woolmark dress by Jacques Tiffeau; about $185. At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Lou Lattimore. Headband: Ruza Creations. Tinsel Trading neck tassel. Tights by Schiaparelli. Charles Jourdan shoes. Coiffure: Alan Lewis-Freelancers.

BERT STERN



happy-go-prints

Floating Paisley, soft and scarfed,
far left: a shining surah
jumper you just button like a tiny
sleeveless coat over Paisley
chiffon—letting go with a six-foot
muffler as soft and blowy as the shirt.
Traina Boutique by Judith Wister,
in Gilman silk. About $160. Lord & Taylor;
Burdine's; Swanson's; Sakowitz;
I. Magnin. Bruce Rudow choker.
Odyssey bracelet. Roman Stripe tights.
Languorous print, languorous look,
near left, and everything about
it softer than summer mist—
Japanese taupe-and-beige flowers
printed on sheer silk chiffon . . .
drifting and blowing cardigan, muffler,
pants . . . sinuous beige matte jersey
tunic cut like an undershirt and bending
with the body. Turnout by Chester
Weinberg. Cardigan and pants
of Italmode silk. Saks Fifth Avenue;
Hutzler's; Shillito's; Harzfeld's;
Sakowitz. Celia Sebiri rings.
Bonnie Doon tights. Julianelli sandals.
Coiffures: Alan Lewis-Freelancers;
Reid-Meredith Dynel hairpiece.

BERT STERN

1. Covered—with silk butterflies, flowers, long blowy sleeves—and everything about it zingy as can be. By Beverly Moyer for Gino Charles. About $100. Bloomingdale's; Julius Garfinckel; Rich's; Jacobson's, Michigan; I. Magnin. Fringed breastplate by Stanley Postek for Nautique Arts. Battani red satin boots. Suga striped wig. 2. Violet is mauve-y, violet is blue, happy-go-printed with pure violet on a little scarfed silk shirtdress twice as vivid as its size. Georgette Trilère for Trimar. About $165. Bonwit Teller; J. W. Robinson. Hanes pink shimmer tights. Coiffure: Alan Lewis-Freelancers.

happy-go-prints



3. Fresh springling violets on a lime-green ground. A Ban-Lon dress by Hanae Mori, of nylon. About $80. Lord & Taylor; Rich's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Violet choker by Ruza Creations. Bonnie Doon tights. Coiffure: Alan Lewis-Freelancers. 4. Batches of patches all printed together over a shirtdress scarfed on one sleeve. By Charles Cooper, in Gourdon silk. About $145. Bonwit Teller; Nan Duskin; Woolf Brothers; Montaldo's. Sash by Elegant. Battani boots. Coiffure by Suga, with Tovar-Tresses hairpieces. 5. Scarfed scarf print, with plenty of tassels bouncing off shawl and tasselling sash. By Michael Novarese, in Onondaga silk. Saks Fifth Avenue. Bonnie Doon tights. Coiffure by Alan Lewis-Freelancers.

2

1 Hairpiece by Leon Buchheit.

BERT STERN

3

4

5

happy-

go-prints

Soft wrappy print jackets over shirt-tunics and pants, opposite page: at left, a brown silk jacket crammed with white narcissus; the one at right, a ravishing velvet blur of peach and white—worn with silk jersey shirts, wool jersey pants, all the languour in the world. By Halston. Brown jacket, about $90; brown shirt, about $50; brick-red pants, about $60. Peach jacket, of Rit tie-dyed velvet (Up Tied fabric), about $250; peach shirt, about $65; peach pants, about $60. Bloomingdale's; Sakowitz. Wrist bands: Ruza Creations. Halston hat, belt, necklace. Simply a schoolgirl smock, above, plaided with pink and white on blue satin—all very innocent so far. Then comes the flutter of pink-and-blue marabou fringing muffler and wrists. By Bill Blass, of rayon and polyester (Orceyre fabric). At Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's. Richelieu beaded rings. Berkshire tights. Coiffures: Alan Lewis-Freelancers.

BERT STERN


happy-go
-reptile
BERT STERN

prints

Fakeskin snakeskin, left: beige-brown-and-white cotton pants turnout — snaky, slinky, and terrific with a white crocheted sweater, a clank of silvery belts, and snake-printed boots. Kasper for Joan Leslie (International Textiles fabric). With its own sweater and belt; about $165. Saks Fifth Avenue; Jacobson's, Michigan; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. Sweater by Gregory. Bruce Rudow choker. Belts by American Indian Arts Center. Capezio boots.

Mockodile crocodile, right—reptile-printed coat to wear in sunshine, raintime, anytime...to wear with a wide Moroccan belt, the swingiest, fringiest handbag around, and long fringed suède boots. Beige cotton poplin coat, by Originala. Bonwit Teller; Swanson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin.
Aris gloves. Madonna Boutique belt.
Handbag: Elegant. Christel of Copenhagen boots. Coiffures: Chany for Freelancers.



happy-go-knits



in double-colour

Split knit, far left: one half is white, one half is black, and there's a tiny white ruffle frilling up between them. Cisa, of cotton. About $120. At Bergdorf Goodman; Kaufmann's; Stix, Baer & Fuller. Bonnie Doon tights. Latinas shoes.

Take two, left: two colours, two pieces of knit—an easy white tunic with trumpet sleeves and edgings of black over black pants. By Andiamo, of wool. About $120. Best & Co. Watch band by Geoffrey Howard. Wrist bands: Elegant.

A little whitewashing, above: bright slicks of white down and around a jumping navy knit. Cabot Knits, of linen, Arnel, and wool. About $55. At Best & Co. Berkshire knee socks. Coiffures: Chany for Freelancers.

BERT STERN

"Hi, Mistress"

BY BRIGID BROPHY

Aristotle was not yet a hero or even much of a name to me when, at fourteen, I began the pilgrimage that brought me in the end to his profane shrine.

My immediate route led me, diffident, down from my form-room to the study, where I never knew whether to knock or wait to be wanted. No one could advise me on the etiquette because no one shared my privilege —which was mine only, however, by the wartime fluke that I'd been shifted from school to school and arrived at my last to find no one else at exactly my stage of learning Greek. So twice a week I went for a solo lesson with the high mistress.

Manchester Grammar School and St. Paul's School in London have high, instead of head, masters. By extrapolation St. Paul's Girls' School has a high mistress. The custom was (it no longer is) that you greeted her, according to whether you were in full or merely games uniform, by either bobbing her a curtsey or throwing her a wide, matey wave which was called. but didn't much resemble, a salute. We pupils used to promise each other we'd one day accompany the salute with the salutation "Hi, mistress." None of us did: Not because the high mistress of the time, Miss Strudwick, was intimidating, but because we doubted if she would understand "Hi."

I hesitated to knock because I never felt sure Miss Strudwick would know who I was. Probably, she never did. She addressed me not by name but as "my dear." But she always remembered what I'd come for. Her own scholarship was rusty (perhaps she, too, had to prepare our lessons in advance) but Greek was obviously her vocation. She drew me into her study with the implication that to share Greek was to share a rich treat, as if we were about to gobble our sweet rations in one go.

At the time I supposed that dozens of higher-up pupils must know her much better than I did. Now, I suspect that the glimpse I had of her, small though it was, may have been unique—which is one of my reasons for setting it down, the other being my pleasure in making an act of gratitude for some of the rare hours of my schooling which I didn't later need to unlearn in order to get on with my education.

Miss Strudwick was, in 1944-45, elderly, bulky and, as she must have always been, consummately ugly. When my parents asked me what she looked like, I replied "The Rock of Gibraltar—only flabby." I would have done better to say she resembled, to the whiskers themselves, a seal. Only by invoking that thoroughly nice species can I convey how Miss Strudwick was both ugly and pleasing to look at. Her voice and manner were the gentlest I have met.

Her study was dark with books: books of the dispiriting kind, having neither dust jackets nor handsome, evocative bindings but just serviceable, scholastic outsides on which the deep dyes were fading and the square canvas pores showing through. The room was decorated—or, more exactly, assembled—with that blindness of the aesthetic eye that used to mark the intellectuals. I've suspected them of adopting it after the Wilde scandal to protest that, though intellectuals, they were not aesthetes. The only interior I've seen of visual nullity to match Miss Strudwick's study is at Shaw's Corner.

When I hadn't prepared for the lesson, I employed the ancient school stratagem of diverting Miss Strudwick into her memories. Her father had been a Pre-Raphaelite-ish painter. (That doesn't, of course, make it at all unlikely that it was from him she inherited her visual void. After all, Shaw himself practised as a critic of painting, and it was from outside that hideous nook where he chose to live that, as a glorious old literary man, he told the world via television that he'd wanted to be a painter.) Miss Strudwick was an only child. From her infancy her father evidently took her round with him socially—in a Du Maurier world, a deeply respectable London Bohemia. A school production prompted her to tell me she had attended (when she must have been, since she was born in 1880, small indeed) a Gilbert and Sullivan first night and had gone on afterwards to a party at the Café Royal.

The Greek we construed on days when I had looked up enough vocabulary in advance was not Aristotle but Plato's account of Socrates's *Apology*, the least apologetic self-defense ever made. Our own lives were in slight but unceasing peril from bombs while Miss Strudwick explained to me how, twenty-five centuries earlier, his fellow Athenian citizens had put Socrates on trial for his life on charges of atheism and corrupting the younger generation.

We read that stroke of super-Shavian effrontery whereby Socrates told the jurors that, if they truly wanted justice done, they would go on to vote him a public pension. They might have forgiven him that, because it was funny. But he also demonstrated that the accusations didn't make sense. So, of course, they condemned him to death. "He was a dear, dear man," Miss Strudwick said, "but" (this in the gentlest tone of her always gentle voice) "he must have been very tiresome."

Struggling home after school through a Hammersmith Broadway lurid with idling American soldiers, I used to wonder if Socrates was ugly in the same pleasing mode as Miss Strudwick.

Another pupil caught up with or agreed to fall back to my stage, and my solos became duets. We went on from the *Apology* to its sequel, the *Crito*. My companion was bolder than I. She undertook the knocking at the study door and was better skilled at diverting Miss Strudwick; but as she was also harder-working we had less need of her skill. She and I used to prepare for our Greek lessons together, taking out books, on late afternoons in summer, into Kensington Gardens.

There we were once accosted by an American sergeant, who invited us to go dancing with him that evening. We politely declined. But he lay down on the grass beside us, told us he was a military bandsman, asked if we liked Sousa, and, finally, to see what we were so busy about, picked up one of the books. It was a *Crito*, dispiritingly bound, lent us by Miss Strudwick. He opened it at the flyleaf and read out what was written

A REMEMBRANCE OF A GENTLE GUIDE TO SOCRATES—"A DEAR, DEAR MAN"—AND TO ARISTOTLE, "A FREUDIAN MIND"

there in her schoolmistressly legible hand: "Ethel Strudwick" and her private address. "Why, Ethel," the sergeant said to me, "now I know your name and where you live, I will certainly drop by this evening and take you dancing." I often wondered but didn't know how to ask her whether he did indeed call for her and what Gilbert and Sullivan bewilderment followed on both sides. Perhaps *he* dared salute her with "Hi." I hope they danced.

It was while Miss Strudwick took us through the *Crito* that I was hit a disabling blow, in the mid-adolescence as it were, by the image of rational martyrdom. Socrates as reported by Plato fixed my concept of heroism for a decade. Like all the orthodoxly schooled, I was reared on the notion that a martyr, whose name is simply Greek for a "witness," bears witness to the truth of what he dies for. We were bid practise Christianity on the grounds that so many people, starting with its founder, had suffered for it.

I could not yet express but I could see a difficulty about this. If the courage of Christian martyrs attested the truth of Christianity, why didn't the courage of heretics and witches, whom the Christians, when they became the top dogs, martyred in thousands, attest the truth of heresy and witchcraft?

Into my puzzle came Socrates: at last, someone who took the trouble to get the argument right first and only thereafter died for it. The *Crito* is set in prison, where Socrates is under sentence of death. Crito has bribed the jailer; Socrates has only to flee the country—which would entail going nowhere foreign but merely crossing the border of the tiny state of Attica, as Lysander planned to do with Hermia. But, Socrates argued, if you choose to live in a country, and it is a democracy, you undertake either to obey its laws or to persuade your fellow citizens to alter the laws; your obligation doesn't change just because the laws have condemned you to death. So he stayed and died, and Miss Strudwick's eyes as we read were rheumed with tears.

Socrates's half-death-wish was an intense but erratic illumination by which to find a way out of the maze of my upbringing. His preference for questions over statements left one unsure not just what he meant but whether he was willing to mean anything. You couldn't even tell, from his defense, whether he'd been accused of atheism or of starting a new religion. In practice he was clearly a raving religious maniac of an idiosyncratic turn, like Saint Joan—and given, like her, to receiving messages from voices. He remained orthodox in observance and died ordering the sacrifice of a cock to Aesculapius. Already a nonaggressor against animals and an incipient vegetarian, I conceived he had the right to sacrifice himself but not a nonconsenting beast.

I was grown up before I learned of an alternative solution to Socrates's predicament. Not that it would have done me any good to be apprised of it sooner; for not till I had ceased to mistake the erotic quirk of masochism for a spiritual value could I have recognized the alternative as even more heroic than Socrates's answer. Two philosophical generations later (Plato was Socrates's pupil and Aristotle Plato's), the citizens of Athens arraigned Aristotle, who was already an old man, on the by now routine charges. Aristotle made the super-*super*-Shavian, the Voltairean gesture of fleeing the country instantly, remarking that he could not in conscience allow the Athenians to commit so terrible a crime twice.

Socrates is chiaroscuro: Half-masochistic in his martyrdom, he was half-destructive in the skepticism he plugged to the point of *folie du doute*. If you don't commit yourself to believing anything is true, you oblige yourself to believe that everything, and everything equally, *might* be. Into the darks between his gleams entered Plato's high-souled, mystical fascism. When I moved on to Aristotle, I stepped into light—the pure light of classicism, which delineates every detail and yet maps the whole.

Aristotle's is an intellect like Freud's: Analysis *so* penetrating becomes a creative act. Beautifully concrete, the thought is never crassly material: Alone among non-fiction thinkers, Aristotle and Freud treat artistic fictions with the tact of imagination. And of both men it's hard to comprehend that one mind comprehended so much.

Aristotle invented formal logic, which endures to this day. He anticipated both Freud's formulation of the pleasure principle and Freud's exploration beyond it by pinning both his *Ethics* and his socialized ethics, his *Politics*, to the pursuit of happiness. He laid down a cosmology that lasted a millennium (he knew the earth was round) and likewise a zoology, which he observed partly from specimens collected for him by the soldiers and gamekeepers of his ex-pupil Alexander the Great. As zoologist Aristotle knew (which is more than the author of *Moby Dick* was sure of) that whales are mammals, and he produced such pretty arguments as: "All viviparous animals have the testes in front, except the hedgehog. This alone has them in the loin, because hedgehogs have to copulate quickly. For they do not copulate like the other quadrupeds by mounting on the back but come together standing up, because of the spines."

Aristotle's literary aesthetic, the *Poetics*, is probably the only book on the subject worth reading. Together with the Theseus-Hippolyta discussion towards the end of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, it gives the definitive account of literature as an act of imagination—as opposed to literature as a mirror held up to nature (Shakespeare's alternative, mistaken, and much more popular theory) or literature as sociology. Poetry, Aristotle said, is more scientific and serious than history. And he knew that, in poetic fictions, a convincing impossibility is preferable to an unconvincing possibility.

Having discovered aesthetics, Aristotle was able, as Socrates wasn't, properly to separate art from religion. The sonorous eighteenth-century doctor of divinity J. Lemprière (whose *Classical Dictionary*, still the best compilation of ancient-world gossip, opens with a chronological table that magnificently begins "The world (Continued on page 137)





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The monkey puzzle of destruction in this country, deplored by the ecologists, the conservationists who have been warning about sweet waters soured by cupidity and stupidity. . . . The new book *The Anderson Tapes* by Lawrence Sanders who has compiled a fascinating novel from tapes, memos, and electronic detection devices to tell of a heist of all the contents of an apartment house. . . . The New York Odyssey House Adolescent Treatment Center, so starved for money that the heroin kids sleep on bare floors and eat only tuna fish like cats.

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . The late-night television talk show in which Dick Cavett, a slight, faceless charmer, charms his guests into a façade of wit. . . . *Very Lovely People: A Personal Look at Some Americans Living Abroad* by Ludovic Kennedy, a British journalist who has written a tactless, anecdotal, amusing book for random sipping. . . . The rerun on television of *My Little Chickadee*, an old movie in which W. C. Fields in a train attacked by Indians kisses the hand of Mae West, saying, "What symmetrical digits." . . . Shuggie Otis, a fifteen-year-old guitarist, son of the musician Johnny Otis, playing gospel-tinged and old-fashioned slide guitar on the record album *Kooper Session.*

PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT . . . *The Reivers*, a movie longer than William Faulkner's novel and not half as funny. . . . The guiding, knowledgeable radio interviews by Arlene Francis on New York's WOR-AM in which she probes and listens. . . . Lydia Pense, a sliver of a singer with a jumbo-Joplin voice that cuts through the good, loud sound of Cold Blood, an eight-man band. . . . The curious denial that hunger exists in this country explained with a certain, calm horror by Nick Kotz in his book, *Let Them Eat Promises: The Politics of Hunger in America.* . . . The tense intelligence of Pete Hamill, a syndicated columnist who fortunately writes emotionally and to the heart. . . . The intricacies of the handsome exhibition "String & Rope" recently at the New York gallery of Sidney Janis who showed the flings of Samaras, Saret, and, among others, De Maria and Flanagan. . . . *Huey Long*, a biography of this Louisiana total politician by T. Harry Williams who follows every curve of Long whose devious mind led him to tell in an early campaign that he used to take his Catholic grandparents to Mass by horse and buggy, and then take his Baptist grandparents later to church. When a local leader said he didn't know that Long had Catholic grandparents, Long said: "Don't be a damn fool. We didn't even have a horse."

SUPER TRIO—SUPER BRIO

Not since Rubinstein, Piatigorsky, and Heifetz has there been such a trio as this—Pinchas Zukerman, twenty-one, violin; Jacqueline Du Pré, twenty-five, 'cello; Daniel Barenboim, twenty-seven, piano. They bolt onstage with the verve of a coltish troika, attacking their instruments like priceless, loved toys. In New York, their first performance of Beethoven's "Ghost" and "Archduke" trios clogged Carnegie Hall. Now, they are recording for Angel Records in London all nine Beethoven trios. "In a sense it's like getting married," said Pinchas Zukerman of his team-up with Du Pré and Barenboim after playing chamber music with them for fun. In rehearsal they call each other Pinky, Smiley, and Danny as they bicker and laugh. All three prodigies came of age as virtuosi. Pinchas Zukerman, an Israeli violinist of commanding, luxuriant tone, is married to the American flautist Eugenia Zukerman. Daniel Barenboim, as great a conductor as he is a pianist, is the Israeli conductor of the English Chamber Orchestra in London and the husband of Jacqueline Du Pré. She is an English girl who seductively embraces her Stradivarius (one of her four 'cellos) as she bows a flawlessly burnished sound. One critic wrote: "I lust for her."

JACK ROBINSON





PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT...



1. Rip Torn, a director-actor with greyish-blue eyes and a mean grin—fierce, voluble, raw. A thirty-eight-year-old Texan whose put-on is a redneck accent, Torn delights in ancestor-flogging parts: "You've got to go for everything you've been warned against. Otherwise you end up serving the past." Out of The Actors Studio and early 'sixties television, Torn—until his rôle as a disintegrating, womanizing psychiatrist in the film *Coming Apart*—has played mostly villains, stinging second leads. Next, Torn plays Henry Miller in the movie of Miller's *Tropic of Cancer*.

2. The Voices of East Harlem, twenty-three singing and dancing energetics (only one is not in his teens—he's eleven) who surge with life, irradiate audiences with happiness, make everyone feel like dancing. Pride of the East Harlem Federation Youth Association in New York, the group was first a formal chorus dressed in blazers. Now, in faded denim work suits, they bounce and sing African songs, gospel, folk, rock. Europeans will see their new Americana in Paris.

3. Rachel Elkind and Walter Carlos, a womanly-wise record producer and a musician-composer-engineer of astonishing talents and darting humour. With musicologist Benjamin Folkman, building one note at a time with a Moog electronic synthesizer, they made *Switched-On Bach,* which broke classical-album sales records ("I'm gassed," said Carlos) and spilled over pop charts. Now with a second album, *The Well-Tempered Synthesizer,* these two continue their public's education in electronic song.

4. Eva Majlath, the Pierrot-eyed Hungarian girl who by a crazy, Kafkaesque twist became a celebrity after appearing in *Rape,* the Yoko Ono-John Lennon television documentary, as herself—an anonymous beauty pursued at camera-point through London. "Violence is a sad wind," said Yoko Ono.

5. Helmut Berger and his poison-green film début in Luchino Visconti's excruciating *The Damned,* the death-mask chronicle of a German family, rich, voracious, powerful, and of their hungry complicity in the rise of the Nazis. Berger, whose bird-and-snake rôle is a Baedeker of perversity, is Austrian and twenty-five, lives in Rome and studies acting in London. When he first auditioned, Visconti told him to go back to acting school: "I did and here I am," Berger said.

6. Irene Papas, an actress, formidably Greek, with Byzantine eyes and spilling hair, whose performances of hard-held fury stun. In "Z," the cacophonic movie of political assassination, she speaks only five lines. As Catherine of Aragon in the new film *Anne of the Thousand Days,* she emerges a domino beauty. "That's the Greekest profile you can find," said Irene Papas of her carved looks.

WHY WOMEN *PANIC* ABOUT AGE

Just a few months ago, Peggy Wood—the actress who first dissolved hearts in Noël Coward's *Bitter Sweet*—flew New York-to-London for his seventieth birthday. Went straight to the Palladium for the all-star tribute that lasted until 4:20 A.M.; napped; turned up at the devastating Coward birthday party; next day appeared at 10 Downing Street for elevenses and from there whisked back to New York. "I don't know how Noël stood up to it," she said. "Of course, he's much younger than me." She's seventy-eight.

And that's only one way of saying that everybody's getting younger these days, medically and mentally—unless, of course, you happen to be twelve or twenty. In that case you're probably brighter and more responsible than your recent forbears were at the same ages.

Or are you? Society demands a great deal from twenty-year-olds these days. Up to that point their standards have been structured by their parents, their peers, possibly their schools. Often, according to Dr. Esther Mullen, young people suffer from a certain vagueness; they may take marginal jobs—waitresses, taxi drivers, et cetera—because they don't know what they want to do or how they want to live. The big-scare question is: "Will I make it on my own?" And unlike primitive societies, we have no weaning system. The choice is too free, and the idea of squandering a couple of years on a calculated risk seems too final, too "forever." One of Dr. Mullen's case histories is the story of a beauty in her early twenties who wanted just one thing: to be a known genius. She did a bit of sculpture, a little acting, took a class here, a class there, and ended up in therapy. "Initially, the idea of sweating something out was an insult to her." Success must come easily, and as she was beautiful she expected men literally on their knees. After some therapy she did grasp the idea of struggling sensibly for what she wanted and now has an extremely good job in which she uses her talents properly. The next step is persuading her to let those men get up off their knees.

One of the most frequent problems today is the feeling among girls in their late teens that they must be sexually involved with someone, if only because it seems the In-thing. When they venture into sex for that reason alone, they can readily be traumatized.

Dr. Jerome Hoffman would point out that today every woman of twenty—or even seventeen—is acutely aware of her right to sexual pleasure. This is new, and some young women are apt to have very wrong expectations. The primary concern is that there's something physically wrong, but they worry, too, about inability to attain orgasm or even simple pleasure. Most doctors agree that the growing tendency to seize upon gynaecological checkups to ask questions is a thoroughly good thing.

What about the years between the twenties and the glowing sixties or seventies? For most women, doctors and psychologists agree, this is when the decades are rough, transitions tough to take. One very snappy-looking M.D., who happens to be a woman over thirty, said, "Decade neurosis is a very real thing; sometimes women are so tense and alarmed by the mere idea that a certain birthday is coming up that it just gnaws

"If you survive the essential insult of being thirty, you're likely to be better able to take forty when the time comes..."

Dr. Jerome Hoffman

ASSOCIATE GYNAECOLOGIST, BETH ISRAEL MEDICAL CENTER,
ATTENDING GYNAECOLOGIST, NEW YORK INFIRMARY

"THIS THING ABOUT DECADES IS VERY COMMON IN BOTH MEN AND WOMEN, AND YOU CAN ALMOST SELECT THEM..."

Dr. John Cotton

DIRECTOR OF PSYCHIATRY, ST. LUKE'S HOSPITAL CENTER, NEW YORK

"We've built our own traps in this country..."

Dr. Herbert Spiegel

PSYCHIATRIST, COLUMBIA COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS

"IN THE FOURTH DECADE CAFARD—A SORT OF BORED DEPRESSION COMMON TO THE FRENCH FOREIGN LEGION—OFTEN SETS IN..."

Dr. Fred Brown

CHIEF PSYCHOLOGIST, MT. SINAI HOSPITAL, NEW YORK

BY ROSEMARY BLACKMON

...AND WHAT DOCTORS HAVE TO SAY ABOUT THE AMERICAN TRAUMA OF THE DECADE

"One may need to re-anchor or re-secure the self repeatedly in order to restore a sense of self-esteem and worth in the course of a lifetime..."

Dr. Stanley H. Cath

ASSISTANT CLINICAL PROFESSOR, TUFTS UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MEDICINE

"SINCE MY FIFTIETH BIRTHDAY, I'VE BEEN MARRIED TO THREE EXTREMELY INTERESTING MEN..."

American Femme Fatale,

POSSIBLY UNIQUE BUT CERTAINLY NOT PANICKED

"When you're on your own, you have to think of how to live, whether to break with the establishment..."

Esther Mullen, Ph.D.

NEW YORK PSYCHOLOGIST

"IF YOU'RE TWENTY WITH NO PROSPECTS OF MARRIAGE, IT'S TERRIBLE..."

Yale Freshman, female

"My goodness, how time flitters..."

Bert Lahr

at them. They're in a state of crisis before they get there."

Thirty, in Dr. Hoffman's view, is not only the "essential insult"; it can bring some women a sense of entrapment if they are not living to full capacity. Intellectual flexibility tends to decline along with ambition. One woman may suddenly realize that she never will be Hepburn; another, that she is unlikely to write a great novel—or even a first.

The wife who is customarily described as suburban can actually ap pear in any environment. Young children, little or no help, and a husband who works harder every year somehow no longer add up to the gay blade whose tax structure left room for the suspicion of a night on the town with a rival blonde. *He's* working, and his wife feels abandoned.

Dr. Fred Brown of Mt. Sinai sums it up with more gloom than most of us: "The husband who is taking increased pressure and responsibility all the time has neither the energy nor the inclination to be a loving courtier." Dr. Brown, whose specialty is psychological diagnosis, agrees with many of his colleagues that the woman of thirty or so may dread "still another pregnancy," but he was alone in volunteering the suggestion that part of her problem and her rancor springs from the false impression that every other woman in the same situation accepts it with zest.

This woman, in Dr. Brown's book, is suffering from Area X syndrome. Take a case in point: Mrs. R. married a man she still finds very attractive after four years. The fact that's he successful and works like a demon doesn't make him one jot less attractive. However, since their child was born about a year ago, Mrs. R. has given up her job, which meant, to her, being cut off from the daily company of adults and the mild, pleasurable aspects of doing herself up to go out into the world. There she was. devoted to her husband and her child, but missing any involvement of purely personal interests and energies, the lagniappe that gave an important lift to her own opinion of herself. Her household was totally child-centred. . . . At first, with some opposition from her husband, she hired a baby sitter for three half-days a week and tried a volunteer job working with disturbed children. Should have been fine since psychiatry had absorbed her in her college years. However, she found she was not really equipped to cope with the work. After careful consideration and some psychiatric support, she went back to school to learn the skills and theories she lacked. Still going strong.

What about the husband's rôle in decade trauma? First of all. Dr. Brown warns that the wife must not make overt accusations or she'll be faced with a defensive male. The smart money is on the man who never lets it come to that, never overlooks the song, "Tell Her You Love Her." Oh, not quite that; the important thing is that he display a continuing interest in his wife as a woman, a person. Better still if he makes her think she's still attractive, that he really couldn't bear to have her feel alone or deserted.

For both married and unmarried women Dr. Hoffman spots thirty as the really crashing birthday: "It's definitely the end of the time when your youth is taken for granted. You're (Continued on page 135)

The knits are jumping, the dingles dangling



Tied—but never tied down—fast frisky knits, sashed and sashaying with things that swing. Rib-sticker, above—scant little sweaterdress in crunchy wheat-coloured ribs of linen, Arnel, and wool, sashed in leather and fringe. Anne Klein dress; about $60. Saks Fifth Avenue; Hutzler's; Jacobson's, Michigan; Swanson's. Rings: Bruce Rudow, Alev Colon. On with the T-dress, left, but not for long—brevity's the soul of this knit: navy-and-white cotton stripes, plus a tangle of dangles at the waist. Knitique dress, in junior sizes; about $16. At Bonwit Teller; J. W. Robinson. The shirtdress shows its stripes, right—thin navy ones spaced out on white wool knit; white fringe flying. A woolmark dress by Cadillac, with its own chain belt; about $65. At Altman's; Joseph Horne; Nordstrom Best. Bernardo sandals. All sashes by Elegant.

NORMAN PARKINSON



The dingle-dangled knits

You know what a touch of white does for navy, so lay on, MacDuff—tasselled white fringe, above, for instance, to sash a side-split navy knit tabbed in white canvas. By Daniel Hechter for Fox Run, of acrylic and linen; about $35. Late February at Lord & Taylor. Sash: American Indian Arts Center. A little shawl, a little fringe, near right, to wear as you like with the simplest cream knit—to wrap around your head or your shoulders, or tie on the waist with the fringe flipping down the hip like batty black lashes. By Domani Knits, of Dacron; about $42. Peck & Peck: Burdine's; Neusteters. The polo-shirt dress, far right—everybody's chum in navy knit with red-and-white piping rounding off the edges and a crush of printed cotton scarfs, rolled and knotted and swinging from the waist. The dress, with its own striped sash, by Francesca for Damon, of knitted polyester and acetate; about $80. At Best & Co.; Woodward & Lothrop; Marshall Field; Nordstrom Best. Wrist thongs, by Ruza Creations. Echo scarfs. On both pages: leather thong sandals. by Bernardo. Coiffures with all the knits on these four pages, by François of Kenneth.

NORMAN PARKINSON



Feet and legs– marching to a great new beat



PENN

On the march now—great new looks for feet and legs, looks that get a turnout off the ground and make a good thing a smash. Boots of every length. Boots for day, boots for evening, boots for summer—boots when you've never worn them before. Great boots for a little-nothing dress (the boots might cost four times as much as the dress—that's the fashion proportion now). Great tights with diverting décor that shows above boots. Knee socks that make boot-looks out of Oxfords. Glittery shoes for P.M., high to the ankle, bare to the toes. Everything on this beat, strong for excitement and positive action, including...

clogs at a new clip, this page, red suède on wooden platforms, strapped around the ankle with silver kid and gilt nailheads. Dress of two prints in dark blue, dark red, white. Golo clogs: $50. Lord & Taylor, New York. Dress by Pinky and Dianne for Hang Ups, of rayon and cotton (ESP fabric). Junior sizes. $30. Lord & Taylor. François of Kenneth coifs, these ten pages.

Marching to a new beat

The cotton boot for spring and summer; over-knee boots– look, no heel

New coup—the cotton boot, left, a marvellous new kick in a cheery colour to pace a smashing look, now through summer. Bright-green canvas set on stacked heels, with inside zippers. Equal brightness: the violent-violet dress in two pieces—round-necked top, flip of skirt. Battani boots; $50. Vanity Shop. Dress by Crazy Horse; Antron nylon. Top, $10; skirt, $13. Lord & Taylor. Up suède, right—up over the knees in the softest brown jungle print. Very little weight here, and no heel at all—the soles soft and flat as ballet slippers. This extra length makes a really great proportion with a really short skirt. Boots from Capezio, Sirois suède; $85.

Mirror, mirror, on the heel, right—an extra brightness of silvery metal for a brogue of red patent leather, with a big buckle of the same mirror-metal. Good start for more red—knee socks and a bouclé knit dress with gilt nailheads at the seams, a gilt-tasselled red sash. Shoes by Charles Jourdan; $42. At Bloomingdale's. Roman Stripe knee socks at Lord & Taylor. Dress by Patti Cappalli for Addenda, of knitted Antron nylon; $45. At Henri Bendel. Lizard in two pinks, far right: T-strap sandals that march on higher straight heels, small platform soles. Continuing the pink—rose-pink patterned tights, pink panne velvet dress with ruffled cuffs, yoked top. Sandals, $65. By Piero Nuti, at I. Miller. Tights by Irene for the McCallum Boutique; at Lord & Taylor; Swanson's. Dress by Giorgio di Sant' Angelo; about $165 at Saks Fifth Avenue Park Avenue Room. Nail polish: Iridescent Pink Blush, by Max Factor.

Marching to a new beat

The shiny red shoe, buckled and mirrored; lizard T-strap on a platform

Marching to a new beat

T

high-boots of oatmeal canvas; the shoe with a viper-tongue toe

Onward and upward, the canvas boot, left, in oatmeal-colour with tweedy flecks, fitted close to the leg and zipped all the way. Heel: high, brown, stacked. Keeping pace, here, amusing tights of opaque beige with scatterings of little bright-coloured mushrooms printed around an area just between boots and skirt. The miles-wide belt and buckle, added to a T-shirt dress. Boots: David Evins. $95. To order at I. Miller. Tights: Peter Max for Burlington-Cameo. At Bergdorf Goodman; Shillito's; Joseph Magnin. Dress: Kloss-Pruzan; of Jasco rayon and silk. $135. Henri Bendel.

Slender softshoe, opposite, the Oxford idea in rust suède, tied high, the slim, new viper-tongue toe shaped flat flat flat to the ground. On brown stacked-leather heels. With knee socks of bamboo beige, a long buttoned sweater of rust-red rayon chenille, brown suède skirt. Shoes by Roger Vivier, $48. Saks Fifth Avenue. Knee socks by Beauty Mist; at Altman's; Halle's, Cleveland. Sweater by Patti Cappalli for Addenda; $36. At Bloomingdale's. Skirt by Joan Kavanaugh for Casa Cuero.

PENN



Marching to a new beat

Python-
printed boots;
the glitterator
gladiator

PENN

Snakes, charming, opposite: a great idea in boot-looks now—python-printed vinyl in shades of brown and white, zipped inside, with platform soles and a strong, straight heel. Carrying, here, a little-nothing popcorn knit—top and skirt of brown with white. Boots, from Capezio. $40. Dress by Al Merrick Jr. for Modern Juniors; Dacron and cotton. $24. Bloomingdale's.

Shiniest, sparkliest, gladiator sandals, this page, of mirror-bright silvery leather with a high wide tongue, a flash of rhinestones for fringed tassels and tapered heels. Shine for legs—sheer gleamy tights with black side-stripes. Sandals by Roger Vivier; to order, Saks Fifth Avenue. Tights: Hudson by Chadbourn; Antron nylon and Agilon. Franklin Simon.



Great range

sun-wind-rain coats in Switzerland's Alpine spring

Nifty new coat looks that weather any weather anywhere in the world. Here, in the Bernese Oberland—Switzerland's flower-perfumed château country, a fling of picture-book *schlosses* towering above mediaeval towns and ancient church bells echoing through green valleys —many centuries, but only a few miles away from the peak of spring skiing, and from Geneva or Zurich where Swissair jets land you on the rim of this upland spring. Banded beige, above, brass-buttoned, big on pockets —winding up at a clock-turret in Thun. By Ginala; Galey & Lord Dacron and cotton. About $90. Lord & Taylor; Hudson's; Neiman-Marcus; I. Magnin. Monet chains. Tassels: Tinsel Trading. Gloves by Crescendoe-Superb. Long-fringed hat, right, long fringe of hair down one cheek—smash way to stay within the fringe this spring. Little black shirt-coat, far right, all shine and fringe with, in the background, Schloss Spiez rising on the shores of Lake Thun. Vinyl coat by Lassie Jr. About $55. At Altman's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Marshall Field; Meier & Frank. Gloves by Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb. Herbert Levine boots. All hats by Cerruti. Coiffures on these and the next six pages, by Carita.

FRANCO RUBARTELLI





Ponchos and capes ranging in Switzerland

Short pause for a short shirt-poncho, left—before a long covered bridge near Thun. Tobacco poplin swinging high, wide, and legsome above narrow over-knee boots. Ginori poncho, of polyester and cotton (Tandler-Nino fabric). About $75. At Bonwit Teller; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin. Berkshire tights. Boots by Herbert Levine. The caped cape, right—red canvas circling high and low around the Oberland countryside between Interlaken and Spiez. Fly-front double cape by Mainstreet Fashions, of cotton canvas. About $65. At Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Harzfeld's; J. W. Robinson. Long tasselling toss of muffler by American Indian Arts Center. Tights by Archer-Nuweave. Boots by Palmroth Design. Peeks of fringed-glove fringe here and opposite: Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb.

FRANCO RUBARTO

1. Canvas takes a romantic stand at the gateway t Schloss Spiez—sporting a broad coachman collar beneath a coachman hat with side-furled brim. Tan midi coat. Raincheetahs by Naman, of Avril and cotton with Zepel finish (Haven fabric). About $65. Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Jacobson's, Michigan; L.S. Ayres. Miller's hat. 2. Poplin trenches through upland flowers in a soldierly dash of khaki. By Weatherbee. of Dacron and cotton with Zepel finish (Greenwood Mills fabric). About $65. Lord & Taylor; Joseph Horne; Halle's, Cleveland. Here and at left, Thomas Robbins thongs. Aris gloves. 3. Poplin wrapped, strapped, fringed—on the fringes of Schloss Oberhofen; fringed patch-snake sashes wind round the waist, clinching the line where wrapped beige skirt and battle jacket meet. Ginori suit, in polyester and cotton. About $100. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin. Crescendoe-Superb gloves. Sashes: Andrea Aranow for Dakota Transit. Here and at left: Cerruti hats. 4. Poplin goes like duck to water—via Lake Thun steamer and a snappy white patch-pocket coat. By Misty Harbor, of Dacron and cotton protected with Scotchgard. About $45. At Bloomingdale's; Wanamaker's, Phila.; Rich's. Chains by Larry Reiter, Monet, and Garay. Archer-Nuweave tights. Here and opposite page: fringed suède gloves by Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb; Capezio boots.

Sun-wind-rain looks ranging in Switzerland






GO
19



Capes and coats ranging to Switzerland

Cavalier sweep, left, in the cobbled courtyard of Schloss Oberhofen, within the shadow of the twelfth-century Tower Keep: rolling tan poplin cape over fringed snakeskin sash and boots, worn with fringed gauntlets. Ginori cape, of Tandler-Nino polyester and cotton. About $140. At Altman's; Jordan Marsh, Florida; I. Magnin. Cerruti hat. Sash: Andrea Aranow for Dakota Transit. Capezio boots. Ruffled and wrapped, fringed and tasselled, right: scarlet vinyl shine-coat to wear day or night, spring or autumn—with a tasselled sash wound round and round and great splashes of fringe pouring from each hand. Coat by Bill Blass for Bond Street. About $90. Saks Fifth Avenue; Dayton's; Neiman-Marcus. American Indian Arts Center belt. Gloves, both pages: Sant' Angelo for Crescendoe-Superb

FRANCO RUBARTELLI



Op-art-ment

A CONTEMPORARY SHELL MASKING SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY BONES— THE PARIS APARTMENT OF M. AND MME. FRANÇOIS CATROUX

Clear, clean, defiantly Op Art, this apartment was created by the young French designer, François Catroux, to fit like a box within a box into the ornate rooms of a seventeenth-century *hôtel particulier* that has been classified as a historical monument and therefore structurally untouchable. *Above:* Mme. Catroux and her whippet in front of the polished steel chimneypiece in the living room, with, left, a wooden bird figure from Gabon. More Africana, a cluster of lances from Cameroon and the Congo in the centre of this room, *left.* Almost all black and white, the room has along one wall a sofa designed by M. Catroux to curve under a smoked panel holding a Vasarely abstraction. From the ceiling, spots light Francisco Sobrino sculptures on either side of a steel-mounted kinetic relief by De Marco. *Right:* Sobrino sculptures on steel structures face windows overlooking the Seine.



HORST





Op-art-ment

Vibrant, handsome, with easy authentic elegance, M. and Mme. François Catroux, shown above in their living room, move in the stir of Paris. A demanded interior designer, François Catroux is decorating counsellor for the Paris department store Le Printemps. Betty Catroux, equal parts American and Brazilian and educated in France, does public relations for the Galerie Denise René, a gallery co-founded by the artist Vasarely, whose works light the Catroux apartment. To fit their jet-lined lives within an old, architecturally protected house, François Catroux hung sunk-panelled ceilings, covered cornices and carvings with shining fresh walls, and muffled new, many-levelled flooring with moquette. Using his favoured surfaces of stainless steel, lacquer, slicked plastics, and matte fabrics, he shaped a 1970 space capsule within a historic building. *Right:* A pair of Vasarely paintings hang against black in the dining room, with a sculpture by Geissler on the round table, which François Catroux composed as a black-centred flower petalled by curved white chairs. *Right, below:* Walls of aluminum and mirror, a stainless-steel basin, in the bathroom of M. Catroux, a replica of the bathroom of Mme. Catroux, except for the colour of the bath linens—his are raspberry red; hers are pink. In the bedroom, *left,* a sculpture by Munari faces the opulent Op-Art bed designed by François Catroux and covered, like the arched baldachin and part of the floor, in maxi-striped *skai.* On the wall, a white-on-white relief by Tomasello; on a transparent cube, a sculpture by Duarte.

HORST



Space games

THE DECORATING STAMP OF FRANÇOIS CATROUX ON THE PARIS APARTMENT OF MME. RAYMONDE ZEHNACKER

The stamp of François Catroux marks every space he decorates. Here, the apartment of Mme. Raymonde Zehnacker, the director of the Christian Dior Boutique in Paris, gleaming with Catroux-isms: bold geometries of colour, sheen of steel, unexpected transparencies, and the deliberate opening of spaces so that even the bathroom becomes part of the vista from the salon and the bedroom. In the salon, *above and left,* squared armchairs and sofas of impasto-textured white contrast with intense, vibrating blues and tile-patterned carpeting by David Hicks. Slithering on steel rails, projectors throw shadow and light on African figures and, *left,* on a gigantic green cactus, a living sculpture.

VOGUE, February 15, 1970

Technically daring, rooms designed by Catroux are impressive, vital compounds of efficiency and elegance, of cooperation between modern art and modern science. In Mme. Zehnacker's apartment sliding panels take the place of doors, permitting a clean sweep of manoeuvrable space. Her bathroom, *right,* with a Vasarely painting hanging over the step-up tub, is an intended part of the sightline of her bedroom, *above,* with its freestanding, cubic, white bed. *Left:* In the dining angle of the salon, a stainless-steel étagère designed by Catroux, a steel table, and steel-and-leather chairs heighten the shine of sharp-blue lacquered walls. The play of shine against shine: a Catroux-ism.

HORST

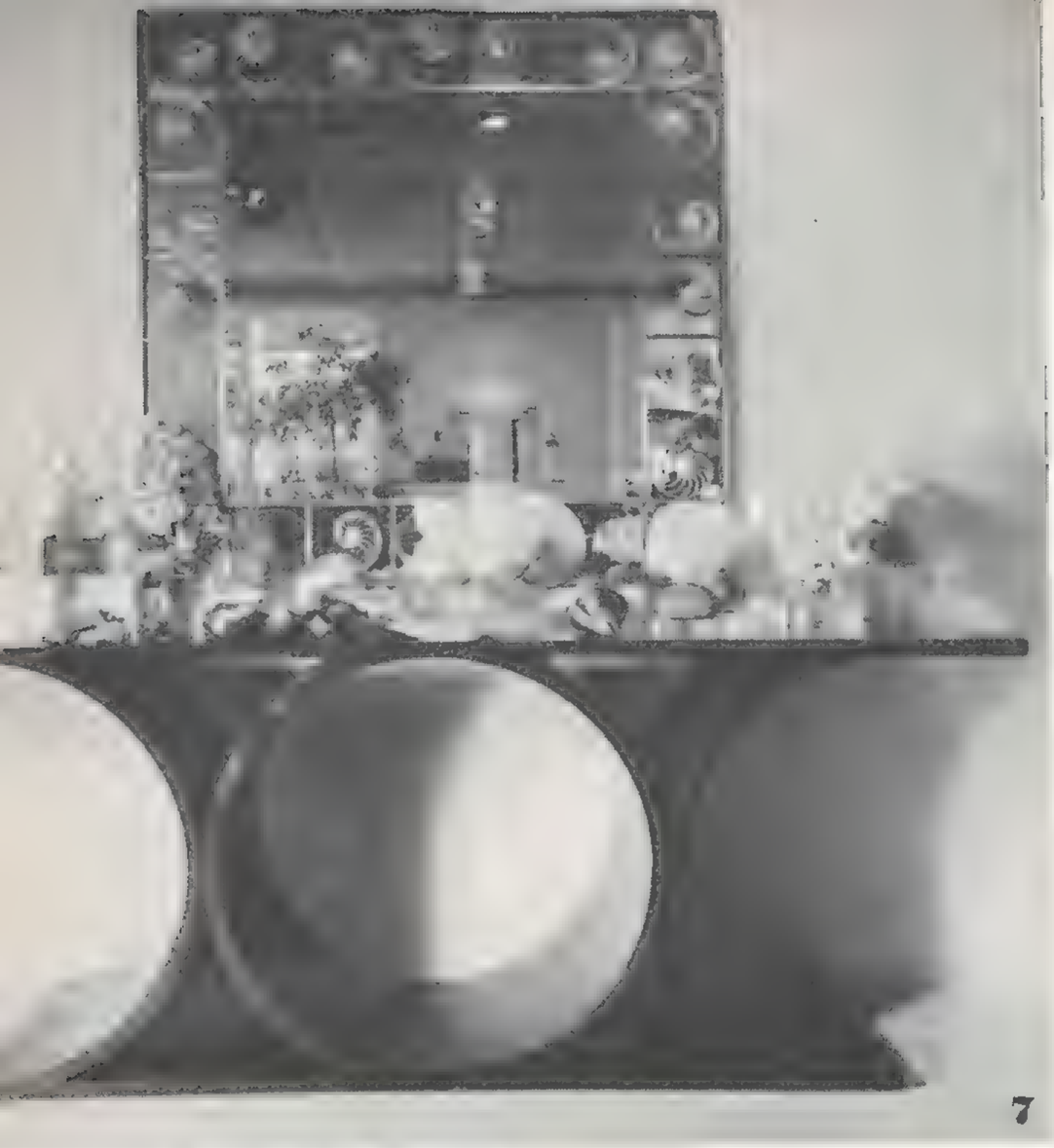
VOGUE'S DECORATING FINDS AND IDEAS FOR

FASHIONS IN LIVING

Rome . . . space-age bedroom . . . Lucite, steel, fur

New York—undating

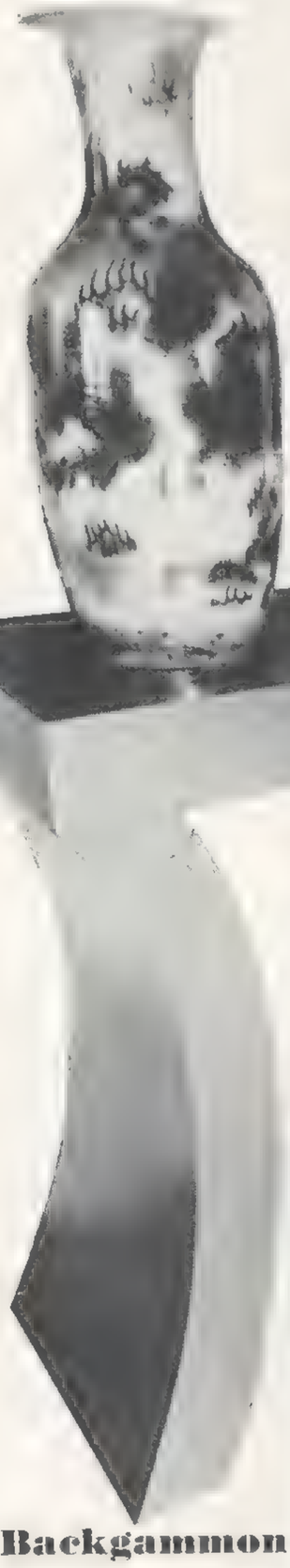
Here: Timeless furniture, accents for perfectionists, in luxurious leathers, furs, lacquers, colours. Made to order, in the Jean Michel Frank tradition, by Karl Springer at 306 E. 61st St., N. Y. 10021.



7

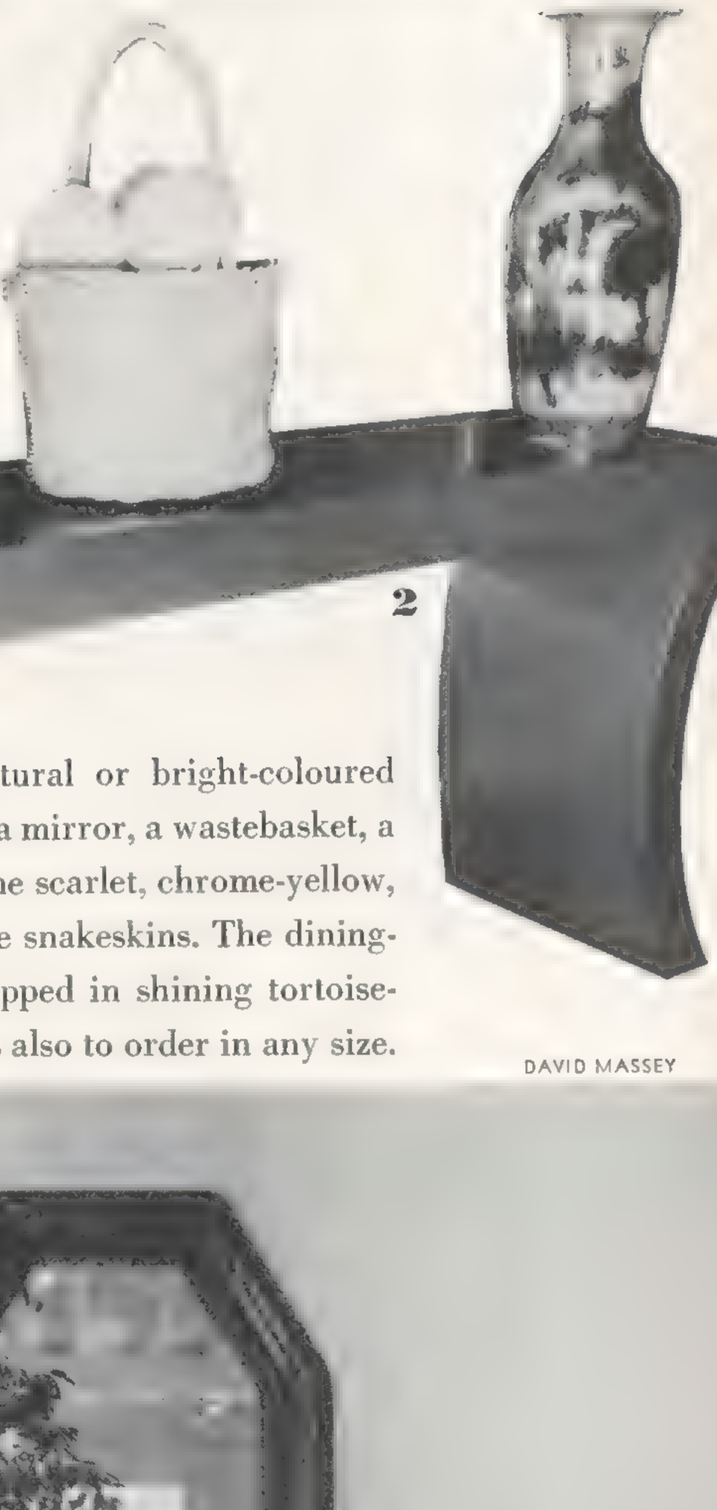


1



1. Fur: Beige-brown stool, red wheeled telephone table, black footstool, gold-plated straw-covered box.

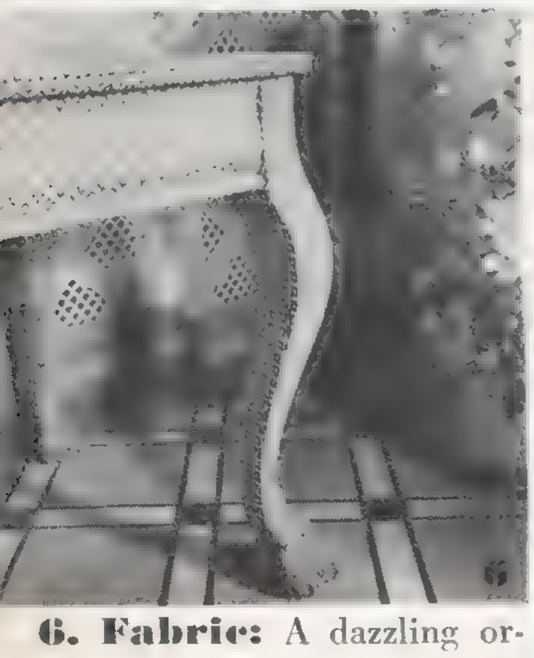
2. Lacquer: Egg-shell-finished console in the Samuel P. Reed's dining room.



2

3. Leathers: Natural or bright-coloured python covers tables, a mirror, a wastebasket, a footed box . . . imagine scarlet, chrome-yellow, spring-green, flag-blue snakeskins. The dining-game table, here wrapped in shining tortoise-shell patent leather, is also to order in any size.

DAVID MASSEY



7. Shells: Slices of nautilus shell frame a steel-banded mirror above a deep-brown lacquer console. Mr. Springer designs mounts, too, for shells.



5

6. Fabric: A dazzling orange, green, and cream cotton print wrap-up gives super pizazz to designer Seymour Avigdor's own "junk shop" writing table.

5. Off-white lacquer: Sets off a fat orange, black, and white cushion for a classic bench. The mirror frame is of off-white alligator calf . . . a very Paris '30's, and now, look.

1. Backgammon table: Of dark elephant hide made for Mrs. Leonard Holzer. It has been ordered by Mrs. Charles Engelhard in several leathers and colour combinations.



3

8. Left: Invisible Lucite, clued-in by "weightless" steel banding, holds a personal collection of memorabilia, floats a black and white checkerboard bed in designer Simonetta's Roman space-age bedroom. The decorator G. S.'s moon, an unframed red painting. Shaggy fur rugs and cushions add all-out luxury.

PINTO REPORTAGE



VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE

OF SUGGESTIONS, FINDS, AND OBSERVATIONS

Photographer Elisabetta Catalano wears her ankle-length skirt when she's working away for Vogue . . . she had on this brown wool jersey one (from Missoni in Italy) the day she took some



of the pictures on these pages. . . . Berry Berenson photographed Elisabetta photographing Ramona (see the result, 5, opposite page). . . .

ELISABETTA CATALANO



Elisabetta's shirt, right, the one she wears with her long skirt, is made of Indian scarfs—so romantic . . . $45. From Abracadabra, 243 E. 60th St. . . .



BERRY BERENSON

Photographer Berry Berenson's kit fox coat from Schiaparelli Furs was midi length last year. This winter a few extra foxes, and furrier Jacques Kaplan, stretched it to the ankle. Cozy for shooting outside. . . .



Paris: The ankle skirt—bias cut—very important—it's what gives the skirt the right swing. . . . Grey-blue, brown, and beige geometric-printed wool jersey shirt-jacket and skirt from Cacharel's spring collection. Here at Henri Bendel, 10 West 57th Street. . . .

London: "We hardly ever wear pants in the evening. Now it's always a midi or ankle-length skirt and always with boots. I don't know what I'd do without my boots—they're what balances the long skirt look. . . ."

ELISABETTA CATALANO

The longer skirt



The ankle skirt, the three-quarter skirt. It's a look that's sweeping the streets. It's a length the girls love, for the fluid line it gives.

BERRY BERENSON



2



3



4

1. Pilar's purple panne: the poetic dress Pilar Crespi bought in New York. $185. By Arnold Copper for Rakes, 37 E. 65th St. . . . **2. Naomi Sims's** grey cashmere ankle-length sweater from Cerruti in Paris, silver fox from Halston. . . . **3. Holly Kristen's** street look: jersey ankle-length shirtdress from Halston's boutique, Bloomingdale's, worn with Elsa for Sant' Angelo's silverhearted belt, Saks Fifth Avenue Park Avenue Room. . . . **4. Pilar Crespi's** double ponchos. She wears one as a three-quarter skirt. Peruvian ponchos from Odyssey, 49 Greenwich Ave. . . . **5. Ramona Saunders** slips an ankle-length rose-printed bias challis skirt over her ribbed leotard. Skirt from Countdown, 22 Greenwich Ave. . . .

5

More on next page

VOGUE'S OWN BOUTIQUE *Continued*

Oh, to be in the sun...

Véronique Maingard de la Ville-es-Offrans is so lucky—she lives in Mauritius surrounded by sun and sea—posed for us there wearing, **1,** a glorious long-trained caftan. To order, Adolfo, 22 E. 56th St. . . . **2.** A sea whimsey—mini-jupe and brassière made of patches of silvered blue snakeskin. To order, Casa Cuero, 202 E. 61st St. . . . **3.** Splendid orange-and-lacquer-red leather three-quarter skirt fringed and tied—a sun-coloured shirt of sheerest matte jersey. Both, Stephen Burrows at O Boutique, 236 Park Avenue So. . . .





2

3



4



5



6

Three great crochets for the sunny, nice life. . . . **4.** Crocheted sweater, a cage of lacquer-red yarn with semi-strategic patches of navy blue. $65. From Allen & Cole, 150 East 54th Street. . . . **5.** Black crocheted shift, back scooped out to be really bare. $100. Allen & Cole, 150 East 54th Street. . . . **6.** Véronique, perched on a turtle, in a turtle-brown crocheted mini—it comes decorated with necklaces of wooden beads. $60. By Judith Copeland. To order, One Two Boutique, 223 East 74th Street. Crazy Horse ribbed T-shirt. . . .



1



Haven't you always wanted to live in the castle?

Jane Birkin sometimes does, staying, for a few days of rest before starting a new film, in the fairytale Château de Mercués, a few hours outside of Paris. . . . **1.** Jane tucked in a turret, in a blue silk crêpe tunic, classic Saint Laurent pants. $155. . . . **2.** Jane's jumpsuit, short-sleeved, zipped front. $115. All, Saint Laurent Rive Gauche. New York: at Kaufmann's; Bonwit Teller, Chicago; Sakowitz. . . .

EWA EUDLING

London: Sunday brunch

It was a party to fête David Bailey and Peter Evans's book *Goodbye Baby & Amen*—and you know London, everyone looked so very individual even for a Sunday morning at Club Dell Aretusa. . . . **3.** David Bailey had on the shirt he got in Katmandu and the Levis he got in Honolulu. Penelope Tree put a black matte jersey dress over her leopard leotard. . . . **4.** Mr. Michael Chow wore his suède trousers from New Man in Paris, Mrs. Chow wore a Liberty print wool midi skirt. . . . **5.** Mrs. Sanford Liberson wrapped her Chelsea Antique Market shawl like a sarong skirt around her black leotard. Mr. Liberson wore his Moroccan belt. . . . There are many who believe that this book, *Goodbye Baby & Amen*—especially as David Bailey is the photographer involved—will have long-lasting value as a report on what was once termed "Swinging London"—the London of the Sixties where some of the big changes of social history occurred . . . that London decade that changed, perhaps permanently, the face of many things. . . .



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RICHARD IMRIE

(Continued from page 99)

. . . cantering triumphant is the pleasure-bound male . . .

leaving the Pepsi generation, and for unmarried girls there are fewer and fewer available men. A wife with no children may dwell on the decline of her fertility index which decreases the chance of her having children. . . . Women may think they're beginning to deteriorate —*and they may well be wrong.* We all make a fetish of femininity without having a clear-cut definition of what it is, but that doesn't save the woman of thirty from a sense of real or unreal defeminization. It *can* send her plummeting towards neurosis."

At that point in our conversation Dr. Hoffman deftly—and really rather engagingly—turned the tables by asking how we felt about chalking up another decade. We said that maybe it had something to do with going to problem movies from age-two-on, but anyhow thirty-five had always seemed the *ideal age* to us; and since our traumas were minimal we proposed to stand up for ideals. His professional eye was very polite as he said that a well stocked life and a fairly firm sense of femininity might just make that enough—*if* a woman recognized certain changes were bound to be in store for her.

He did comment, however, that there is now a yawning generation gap between twenty and twenty-five: "The In Sounds are changing so rapidly that some of us are speaking what young people regard as an archaic language."

The thought of being thirty these days may touch off panic as early as twenty-four or twenty-five. Everybody knows you can't talk to someone over thirty, and—cantering triumphant across the mind's wide screen—is what Dr. Brown calls "the pleasure-bound male." I think we used to call him a wolf, but there he is, mad to have a playgirl, slow to offer a wedding band. In the big cities of America he finds it well within his scope to find a girl who will cook and clean as well as play—or sometimes divides the fun up among two or three. The girls work desperately at being bright and charming . . . take cruises . . . go to be-ins . . . and perhaps forget to concentrate on the most likely candidate and listen, mesmerized, while he explains stressed concrete or how cough drops are made. . . . A certain enchantment sneaked up on us recently when we heard about a young, hard-working, but also pleasure-bound American in Sweden who established fast international rapport with some of those famous Northern beauties, but couldn't get any of them to cook for him. Are they doing something right? Or are we doing something wrong?

"We've built our own traps in this country," says Dr. Herbert Spiegel of Columbia. "The idea that forty-plus is attractive is a foreign idea to many American women. . . . We're hooked by a concept that paralyzes us . . . and we have to resolve the misunderstanding. At forty, one should think of beginning a freer, more mature life. It is a time to revise premises and beliefs—to revise even precious beliefs that have been held for a long time—a time to be open to new information."

A good many doctors—as well as women—hanker after the European attitude that a woman of a certain age can be more congenial than a teenybopper, provided that she *has* lived and goes on living to full capacity. In other words, you can only bank on your reserves if you've established them—a marriage based on affection and concern as well as passion; the ability to enjoy seeing your children forge lives of their own; friends; parents; and possibly a job. If you've worked before, you have some insurance. The readiest jobs for not-young women exist in the fields of nursing and public health. . . . "What would you do with an English major?" asked one man. Since any English major we know has proved a terrible nurse's aide, we'd suggest she put a piece of paper in the typewriter and hope it will speak to her. "Anyone who works out of human experience," maintains Dr. Stanley Cath, "can have a great recrudescence of creativity in the forties."

The fear of menopause that once struck hard in the early-to-mid-forties is a thing of the past. For most American women the first symptoms occur at about fifty; they may be minimal and may go on for years. The pill has eased this transition, and hormonal adjustment has helped enormously.

Still there's the importance of image, with all the emphasis on youth and very little understanding of what spirit and a buoyant outlook can do to maintain it. Beautiful women—without a necessary touch of noblesse oblige in the psyche—take the first wrinkle and the changes that follow very hard. "Conversely," remarked Dr. Cath, "the confidence of the non-beautiful stands up rather well; they're more resilient." Dr. Hoffman said of beauties he'd observed, "Well, they certainly work a lot harder to keep up with it. . . . Plain women often improve with age." A non-medical man we know as something of an authority on women says, "I think they should all fight to the last ditch." And Dr. Hoffman himself acknowledges that there is no longer a special category of clothes for older women.

Dr. John Cotton put it flatly: forty is the moment of dread about losing one's looks. It's also —this apparently unrelated to looks—a time when there is a violent increase in sexual desire. Even in the late forties, "women who have led protected lives and suddenly meet someone who turns them on for the first time will throw away everything.

"We've lived in a psychological generation," said Dr. Cotton. "Yet we find some things have a biological base." Psychological era or not, all the doctors we talked with agreed that a few consultations with a psychiatrist might be reassuring in the third and fourth decades. Nothing extensive; just sound medical talk.

Are there no perils, no reasons to panic? Of course, the answer is sometimes yes. The woman who places her children above all, especially to the extent of forgetting her husband, will be left in her forties "like a puppet with the strings cut." Dr. Hoffman's phrase; she invites, he says, "what Mort Sahl called the 'ultimate mother rejection'—plastic surgery to have your navel removed."

Loss of enthusiasm was cited by both Dr. Cotton and Dr. Cath as an early warning of depression. Dr. Cotton tapes it all too clearly: "being overtired, discouraged, pessimistic, having a tendency not to do things, not to go out." This is most probable from forty-five to fifty-five. And it *can* be helped. Although you must have that early build-up of reserves, new drugs and psychic energizers properly used and properly controlled can nudge you into making capital out of your own strengths.

The best advice anyone can give is: put yourself in the hands of a first-rate gynaecologist early on. Ask questions. If there are storms, you'll weather them better with constructive help.

The news for the woman who has thought about age in terms of panic is now almost all on the plus side—with a slight suggestion that she can't just stand and wait. In a current soap-opera, the girl said, "It takes a little planning and scheming to design a dream." . . . Wrong. Too much scheming; no well-founded happiness. Realism and compromise take the decades more attractively. Most women have an inkling of this and come to terms with themselves and their lives in the fifth decade.

And what about men? . . . They're getting younger, too, which puts the new "dangerous age" at sixty instead of somewhere in the forties. Wouldn't you just know! . . . Still it's dear of them to set the pace.

THE WIGOLUTION

How the hair switch happened, who led it, who sped it

In our little cerise book, there's one dynama (fem. for dynamo) who owns nine full wigs and countless pieces. Two of the wigs are stowed away in the closet that holds her out-of-season clothes. "I used to love them," she explained, "but they're *human* hair. And human hair gives me claustrophobia now." Her other seven wigs are inhuman hair—that's Dynel, chemical hair—and Attilio styled them for her so that she can wear a different one every day of the week. "They've changed my life."

Among the forces that brought on the Wigolution is the fact that neither rain nor hail nor sleet nor snow can break the spirit of the new chemical hair. Nor can humidity.

Wigs have been around since the first cave woman found winter a little chilly for a head protected by progressively dwindling hair. Elizabeth I had over 80, and George Washington and friends wouldn't go out of the house without one on, but puritanical, democratic America lost the wig habit. It was a stealthy liaison between person and hairpiece until, in the 1950's, French couturiers started dressing the mannequins in multicoloured frankly-wigs. Human-hair wigs then came out from underground, became part of the chicerino's overhead.

What started, and still fires, the Wigolution was Union Carbide's synthetic fibre, Dynel. Used at first in fake fur coats and doll's hair, it began going into switches and chignons in 1962. Vogue fell in love with it. . . . So did the wigmakers. One farsighted wig firm in Pittsburgh, name of Abbott Tresses, signed up the celebrated designers, Adolfo and Halston, and thereby put synthetic wigs in a high-fashion category late in 1968. For $25 or $30, a woman could own hair that resembled her own in colour, that fulfilled her dream of what hair should look like in its texture, its gleam, its bounce, its enduring set. She could achieve an adorable coif in the time it takes to put on a bathing cap. She could change her colour without touching her own hair. She could go straight one day, curl up the next. And the weather would leave her hair in complete control of itself. Furthermore, the upkeep is minimal. Dunk it (in tepid water and suds) and shake it, and forget about setting it. The fake hair will remember what the set was all about.

"Real hair is square." . . . Adolfo re wigs

"Originally, synthetic wigs tended to have the same curly-top, stylized back—this was nice enough but not enough," said Kenneth, whose $50 Chanel wig will be around in March. . . . "We're now doing about 80% of our business in Dynel wigs," said Rafael Klugman of Alvah International, which has since 1910 and until recently done 100% of its wig business in human hair. . . . "A wig is the common denominator today," remarked Halston. And, re wigs, his friend Adolfo made this definitive statement: "Real hair is square." . . . Jerome Alexander feels that human hair is still desirable for straight, undemanding falls. But, except for them, "there's no reason to revert to human hair in wigs."

"Women want wigs that don't look wiggy," said Vidal Sassoon, who is producing some dazzlers that don't.

Black women have always been especially responsive to the blandishments a wig bestows on one's psyche. Lately the froth called Afro has been in demand. Walter Fountaine, the black hair stylist of Coif Camp fame, had this observation: "Many black women used 'The Natural' (the Afro) as a social statement. As they become more secure in their blackness, they won't feel the need for a hey-look-at-me mark." He predicts a modification in Afro styles, a move towards the centre, so to speak.

Just as some women will always insist on a real silk slip, some women will always want a real-hair wig. To them, Joseph Fleischer, a firm that's been decorating some of the best heads around since 1903, still caters. And Enny of Italy, inventor of the stretch wig, will have no part of synthetics. "Synthetics are like fun furs," said Enny. "They'll never replace mink."

"A wig is the common denominator today." . . . Halston

Here is a list of a few of the primary sources that do deal with synthetic fibres and, in so doing, triggered the Wigolution. Their products can be found at millinery counters, department stores, in beauty salons. (Not included are hairdressers—e.g. Kenneth and Vidal Sassoon who design their own wigs.) The materials are modacrylic fibres (modacrylic stands for modified acrylic). The American Dynel is one. Terms like Dynel 50 and Dynel 40 refer to the denier. The thicker the fibre, the bigger the number of denier. . . . Kanekalon comes from Japanese test tubes, has similar weather-resistant and set-maintaining qualities to Dynel, and the same resemblance to the best of human hair. Kanekalon is extruded in colours. Dynel is extruded in a neutral colour and then dyed. . . .

"Women want wigs that don't look wiggy." . . . Vidal Sassoon

ABBOTT TRESSES Makers of pace-setting Adolfo wigs and Halston wigs. "There are certain features of construction of both the Adolfo and Halston wigs that are superior in the way of reinforcement and stretch." Dynel Plus wigs, from $30.

ALVAH INTERNATIONAL Importers and human-hair wig designers since 1910. Now working with Dynel 50. Classic: "Surfside," a versatile short piece with tapered back, now with a built-in crown lift: $30.

LEON BUCHHEIT Second generation wigmaker. In addition to wigs has a "1776" Queue, 8" of Dynel. A small hairpiece that can be worn at nape, crown, side; can be chignon, tousle, or pig-tail; attaches by tortoise clip; $18.

CAREFREE HAIR FASHIONS John and Suzanne Chadwick, prize-winning English coiffeurs, are now styling for them. Wigs from $25; falls from $13; three mini-braids for $7.50.

CAROUSEL Fibres: Dynel and Kanekalon. Their "Sabrina" is a short little tapered caper of Kanekalon, an attractive stretch wig with face-framing aptitude; $25.

HELENE CURTIS Fibre: Modac 53, a special way with ersatz hair to give it more get-up-and-glow. All pieces are "Nature Blended" to achieve the natural variations of human hair, especially important with falls and wiglets which must meld with one's own hair. Wiglets, $10; wigs, $30.

FASHION TRESS Early adventurers in chic wiggery. Sture is their new designer, imported from Sweden. "New Born" collection of ready-to-wear styles

features natural crowns that lend themselves to a convincing part. "Astro," with a lace front and off-the-forehead look, $35. "Garbo," $40. "La Parisienne," a shaggy Napoleon, $30.

GENERAL WIG MANUFACTURERS "La Belle Napoleon" is their big news. It's a short and shaggy Dynel stretch wig; $30.

EDITH IMRE Hungarian cosmetologist with beauty salon in New York. Mme. Imre's modacrylic fibre, reprocessed in Italy, is named "Imrelon": goes into many engaging ornamental pieces. New Juliet caps of Imrelon come in rainbow colours. $18.50 for piece to $60 for wig with detachable braids.

JERRAX Jerome Alexander, handsome young dynamo, is in charge here, and hand-tied synthetics are a specialty. "Permastyle," a hand-tied modacrylic stretch wig, has a tapered back, soft easy curves; $40. "Loop D Loop" Dynel hairpiece clips to back of head, brushes into cascade, loops, curls, twist, or smooth peruke; $13.

MR. JOHN HAIR FASHIONS Another great hat designer who turned to wigs about four years ago, Mr. John would emphasize a wig wardrobe: today long and flowing hair, tomorrow soft and curly. He uses synthetics only for his under 6-inch wigs, which start at $12.

MATCHMAKER Wigs, wiglets, falls of Dynel 50 and Kanekalon. Smooth or curly mini-stretch wigs; an Afro stretch; a fascinating topknot made of braids; a skewer-on George called "Bucklette." $25 to $35 for wigs.

PARAGON 85% of their wig business is in dashing synthetics. A new one, "Versatyle," can be styled seven different ways. $25 to $35.

REID-MEREDITH Early synthetic wigmakers, they like Dynel 40 and condition it for silkiness. All their hairpieces, chignons, braids, and whatknots are custom-blended, custom-made Their Century and Living Wig designs are patented. Wiglets from $30, wigs from $100.

TOVAR TRESSES "Excelon" is the name for their synthetic fibre. Also use Dynel in chignons and braids. "Curl-Ette" is a demi-wig—"less than a wig, more than a wiglet." "Jackie" is a wig with side parting. $35.

***"Many black women used 'The Natural' (the Afro) as a social statement. As they become more secure in their blackness, they won't feel the need for a hey-look-at-me mark." . . .* Walter Fountaine, Coif Camp**

***"Human-hair wigs give me claustrophobia." . . .* Famous wig wearer**

"HI, MISTRESS"

(Continued from page 93)

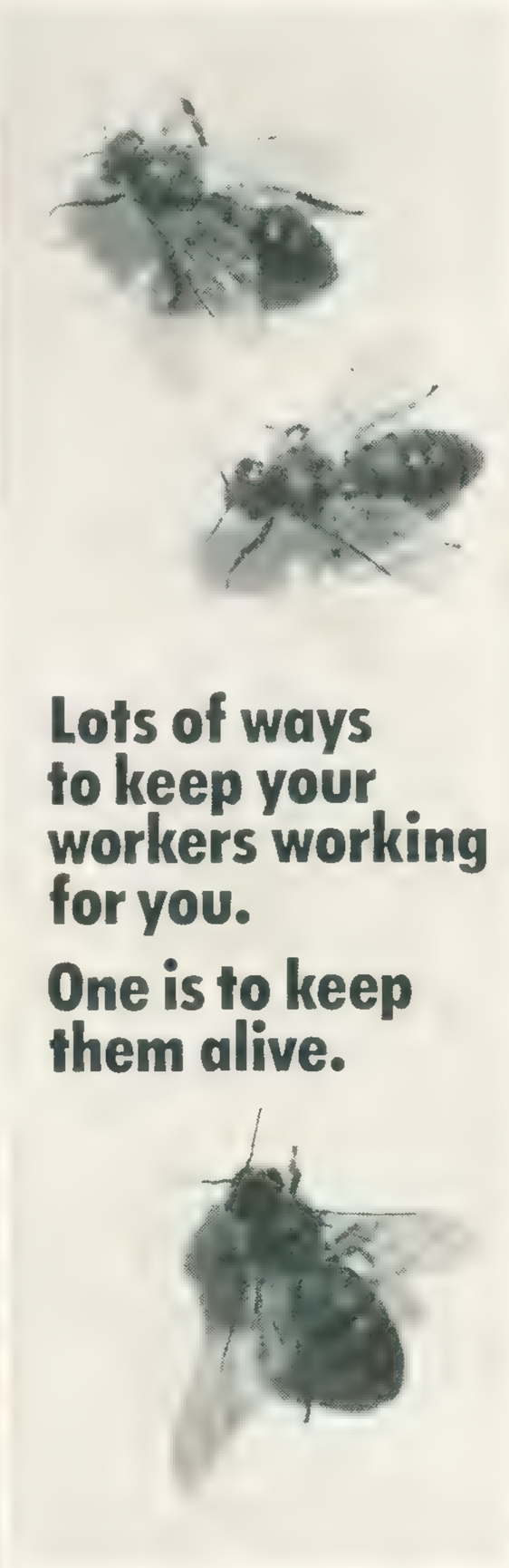
created . . . 4004 B.C.") remarks that Aristotle "neither worshipped nor cared for the divinity, concerning which his opinions were ever various and dissonant." Aristotle made no confusion between inner voices and external reality. Having brilliantly diagnosed the psychological effects of poetic tragedy, he knew that tragedy's place was in the theatre of the imagination and liberated himself to pursue, in life, life.

He seems to have lived, which is what one has the right to expect of him, happily. He held, first, the private tutorship to Alexander and then an unorthodox, breakaway, university job at Athens. Perhaps one should blame him for his Voltairean ambition of trying to educate a philosopher-king; or perhaps one should credit him with the fact that Alexander, though he did conquer the world, did it less bloodily and less philistinely than any of his compeers.

Aristotle dressed well and spoke with a lisp. He had a wife; after her death he lived with a slave named Herpyllis, who bore him a son. By the Renaissance, this liaison had been embroidered into the frequently illustrated moralizing tale of Aristotle and Phyllis, in which the mistress plays the mistress in both senses and makes Aristotle lumber about on all fours while, whip in hand, she rides him sidesaddle. The moral was presumably supposed to be that you could be as intelligent as Aristotle and yet not be preserved from indignity unless you had Christianity, too. Perhaps it really is that, if you're as intelligent as Aristotle, you'll recognize that masochism belongs to the bedroom, not the prison cell, and perceive no indignity in acting out your kinks.

Aristotle writes a beautifully simple Greek, easily understood (even by me), which is never, as simple Greek can be, either naïve or sentimental. He braces the language by the to-the-last-millimetre aptness of the logical relations by which he links one simple statement to the next.

He was not, of course, though it's historically and linguistically convenient to call him so, a philosopher. He was a thinker. It's a rude joke that one of his works gave us the word "metaphysics": "meta" is merely the Greek for "after," and "metaphysics" was given as a makeshift title to the work of Aristotle's which came, in the arrangement of a later editor, after his work on physics. Aristotle himself wasted little time on the earnest frivolities of philosophic questioning but got on with the serious and happy businesses of art, science, psychology, and logic.



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A PLEA FOR SAVOURIES

BY GENE BARO

These days eligible bachelors of all ages are subject to siege by dessert. The woman entertaining her beau to dinner feints at his waistline with Charlotte Russe, meaning to strike his heart next time with Crème Brûlée. Taking the tiniest confirming taste herself, she turns the caloric mountain under with her spoon. Does she know that in tempting him she risks the very features that attract her—his firm jaw, straight back, trim middle, and unbilious blue eyes?

A feint at the waistline with Charlotte Russe

Calorie conscious or not, the fellow is probably wanting to end this meal with an austere taste that looks forward to cognac and cigars. A rich appetizer or soup, a sauced main dish flanked by buttery vegetables—he rejects a lingering sweet termination to cloy the evening hours. He hopes instead for the salt, tart, or hot finish to dinner that the English long since named the savoury. He is thinking perhaps of soft roe on toast, of devilled chicken livers, mushrooms, or kidneys similarly mounted, of a piquant egg, a fritter, or a spicy rarebit.

In Edwardian times, when every meal was a marathon, the savoury course was only another milestone on the road to dyspepsia. At best, it revived the exhausted palate, preparing the diner for fresh excess. A few years later, savouries were offered as alternatives to the cheeses that followed the puddings and flans at English tables. Now, as often as not, the waiter or cook pointedly asks, "Sweet *or* savoury?"

My prejudice is often with the latter. Savouries make a robust end to an unfussed masculine meal. Think, for instance, of the pleasant sequence of oysters, mutton chop, green salad, and rarebit. What more is needed than a glass of strong ale? And savouries save—to make a pun—a meal that is too highfalutin; they bring us back to simple and bold tastes after the perilous indirection of garnishes and sauces.

A memory of warmth, piquancy

Savoury flavours are such that they diminish quickly once the particular dish is eaten. They leave a memory of warmth and piquancy. Savouries satisfy without surfeiting. Where a sugary dessert over-fulfills its promise, becoming more definite even as one is done with it. the savoury, brassy in the beginning, is all subtlety afterwards. And if there is often not much to choose between the richness of the two kinds of dishes—both are apt to be substantial—the savoury makes a little go a long way: A small square of toast usually bears all.

Thinking of devilled chicken livers

I should point out that most savouries make a luncheon dish—the main dish, in fact, after a cup of soup or some other light starter. Eminently compatible with wine, ale, and beer, savouries can tolerate being taken with a hot cup of coffee in the American manner (though not with a glass of iced tea!).

Are these things really English? Cousin to the hors d'oeuvres, they are international. A whole range of spicy delights are adapted or translated into savouries. And one enjoys them as much and as often in the Middle West as in the Near East.

I remember my pleasure when a hostess as Texan as the Longhorn produced Savoury Dill Eggs on Anchovy Toast to follow a splendid baked capon (the recipe follows). I was even more happily astonished when I first found a Welsh Rarebit on a Parisian table.

Spiciness, some form of sharpness, acting upon an ingredient of pronounced natural flavour is the secret of the savoury. Invention is practicable here. The genre can be extended. The repertoire of these dishes is open-ended.

Eggs and cheeses seem limitlessly adaptable to the savoury mood; so do shellfish and such delicacies as brains, kidneys, and sweetbreads. In general, creamed dishes do not make savouries. The savoury is straightforward, broiled, sautéed, occasionally deep fried. The sleight of hand is in the seasoning.

DEVILLED CHICKEN LIVERS

4 thick slices of streaky bacon
2 shallots, finely minced
3 tablespoons tomato purée
1 teaspoon mild prepared mustard (Dijon or Dusseldorf)
Ginger, cayenne, chili powder
8 chicken livers
Flour
Salt
White pepper
Sweet marjoram
Paprika
1 tablespoon cognac

Dice bacon and cook in a deep skillet over moderate heat until the fat appears transparent. Pour off part of the grease but leave the pan obviously moist. Lower the heat.

Add to the bacon the minced shallots, tomato purée, mustard, and a good pinch each of ginger, cayenne, and chili powder. Mix these ingredients thoroughly with the bacon and cook slowly until the shallots soften and begin to assimilate. Do not allow the moisture to cook away. Moisten discreetly with boiling water, if necessary.

Take the chicken livers that have been cleaned of fatty membranes. Dust them with flour seasoned with salt, white pepper, sweet marjoram, and paprika. Put them in the skillet: raise the heat, and cook them, turning them constantly into the mixture.

I prefer chicken livers pink and custardy and cooked only a few minutes over moderately high heat. Those who prefer them a bit more done should cook them longer over lower heat. Ten or twelve minutes my way is sufficient if the livers are at room temperature. Tossing and turning them increases the cooking time but preserves their texture and delicacy.

A minute or so before this dish is finished, add a generous tablespoon of cognac to it. Remove the chicken livers to a heated plate, and spoon the individual servings of the bacon mixture onto buttered toast rounds. Crown with the livers. Garnish if you like with fresh or with fried parsley.

CALF'S BRAIN FRITTERS WITH CAPERS

1 calf brain
1 small onion, sliced
1 carrot, sliced
1 teaspoon salt
6 peppercorns
3-4 parsley sprigs
Thyme
1 small bay leaf
2 tablespoons white wine vinegar
Tarragon vinegar
Capers

Fritter batter
¾ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup warm water
2 tablespoons melted butter
1 egg white

Wash the calf's brain thoroughly in cold water. Remove the membrane and any blood. Soak the brain in several changes of cold water over a period of 3 hours.

Put the brain in a saucepan with the onion, carrot, salt, peppercorns, parsley sprigs, a few leaves or a generous pinch of thyme, bay leaf, and white wine vinegar. Barely cover with water and bring to a boil. Reduce heat and simmer for 30 minutes.

Remove from heat. Allow the brain to cool in the cooking liquid, if it is not to be used immediately. Whenever the brain *is* to be used, take it from the liquid and slice; six medium or eight small slices are possible.

Dip each slice of the brain in a fritter batter prepared as follows: Mix the flour, salt, and warm water together. Add melted butter, working the mixture smooth, but working it lightly. Then fold in egg white beaten stiff.

Fry the fritters in deep fat that has reached 370 degrees. When they have turned golden brown—in 3 or 4 minutes—take them up. Drain them well, and serve them sprinkled with a few drops of tarragon vinegar and dressed with capers from which the liquor has been rinsed.

A small square of toast bears all

Trim the crusts from the toast and spread the slices generously with the anchovy butter. Place the toast on heated plates. Top with the eggs in a mound and sprinkle with freshly chopped dill (or with dried dill weed). Serve at once.

A HOT WELSH RAREBIT

1 tablespoon butter
1 lb. aged cheddar cheese, finely grated
1 cup ale
1 egg
2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
1 teaspoon dry mustard
Tabasco or cayenne
Toast
Paprika
Parsley sprigs

Melt the butter in the top of a double boiler or in a chafing dish, over simmering water. Add, a little at a time, the cheese, stirring and blending the melting cheese as you go (the smoother your mixture, the better the rarebit is likely to be). When the cheese is melted, add the ale, a few drops at a time, blending carefully.

Lightly beat the egg together with the Worcestershire sauce, mustard, and a double dash of Tabasco or a good pinch of cayenne. Add a bit of the melted cheese—a few spoonfuls will do—and blend. Be certain that the water is only simmering and not boiling; then slowly stir this egg-cheese mixture into the body of the rarebit. Remember that too hot water is apt to curdle the egg.

Serve the rarebit on rounds of buttery toast. Dust lightly with paprika, and garnish with sprigs of fresh parsley.

Brassy in the beginning, all subtlety afterwards

SAVOURY DILL EGGS ON ANCHOVY TOAST

1 teaspoon anchovy paste
1½ teaspoons soft butter
1 tablespoon butter
4 eggs
2 tablespoons heavy cream
Tabasco or cayenne
¼ teaspoon salt and white pepper
4 slices of bread
Freshly chopped dill
or dried dill weed

Blend anchovy paste with softened butter and set aside.

Melt the tablespoon of butter in the top of a double boiler, over simmering water. As soon as the butter is liquid, pour in eggs well-beaten with heavy cream, a dash of Tabasco (or a few grains of cayenne), and salt and pepper.

Raise the heat a bit. Turn the mixture constantly with a wooden spoon. When the mixture begins to thicken, toast the 4 slices of bread. The eggs are done when they are in curds and the consistency of soft custard (they must not run).

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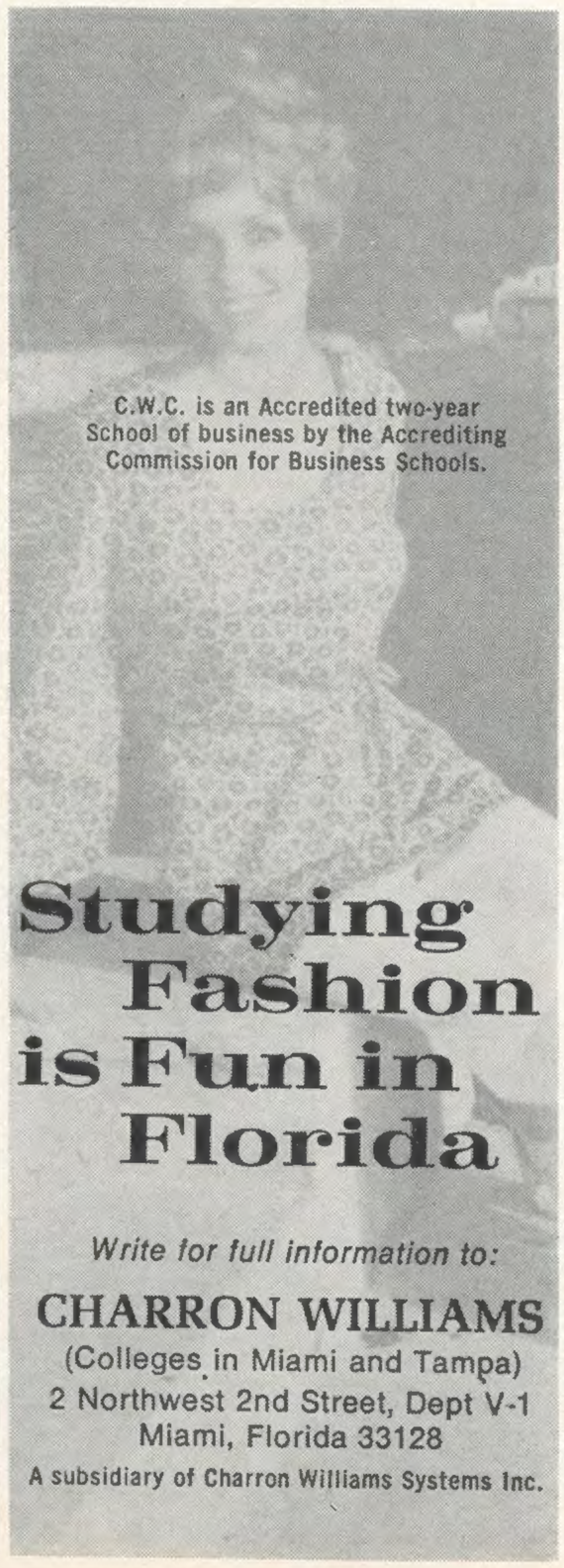
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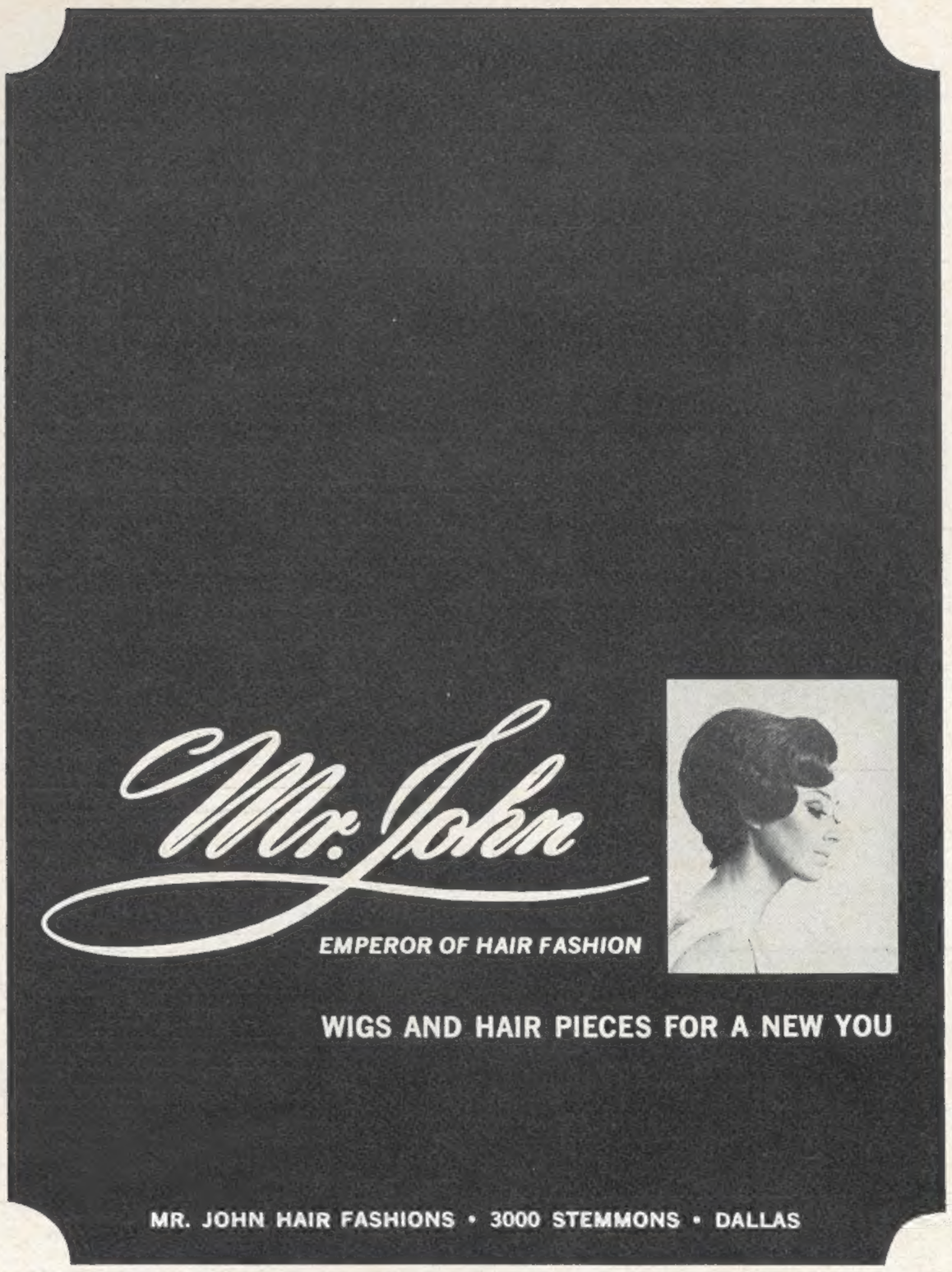
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BAL ORIENTAL

(Continued from page 62)

guards"—magnificent men hired for the occasion, their torsos bare and gleaming with oil, wearing turbans and trousers of red-and-gold gauze. Costumed figurants—live extras, dressed to resemble a Veronese *trompe-l'oeil* ceiling—leaned over a balcony, applauding the guests as they arrived, while Indian musicians serenaded them on zithers, flutes, and drums. In the Galerie d'Hercule, overlooking the gardens and the Seine—one of the most beautiful rooms in Europe, where the Baron de Redé received his guests—were niches holding life-size nodding Mandarins, gilded and jewelled, proffering such delights as a lute, a gold flower, a fishbowl with live fish, a cage with a real bird. At one end of the gallery, musicians dressed in red-and-gold Chinese costumes played under an immense red-and-gold parasol hung with bells; small tables were covered with red-and-gold lamé especially designed and woven in Lyons. . . .

Later in the evening, guests drifted into an adjoining salon where a discothèque had been installed, its décor a splendour of Turquerie—gold-starred blue ceiling, low divans strewn with Turkish cushions around the dance floor, alcoves lined in red velvet, dimly illumined by multi-coloured Turkish lamps. In other salons, a lavish buffet was arranged on round tables centred with seventeenth-century Chinese cloisonné elephants holding flowers, and lighted by huge pink-and-gold Chinese lanterns. The supper menu was, on the whole, deliciously French, but included such Oriental touches as compote of lychee nuts, *loukoum* with pistachios, and Salade Hawaienne served in half-pineapples. . . .

Everywhere was the sound of sitar music, the flicker of lamps, lanterns, torches, the smell of jasmine and myrrh wafting from perfume burners, the changing tableau of the guests themselves, like many-coloured birds of Paradise. . . . After the party, one guest said of it: "It was absolutely bewildering—how beautiful it was."

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